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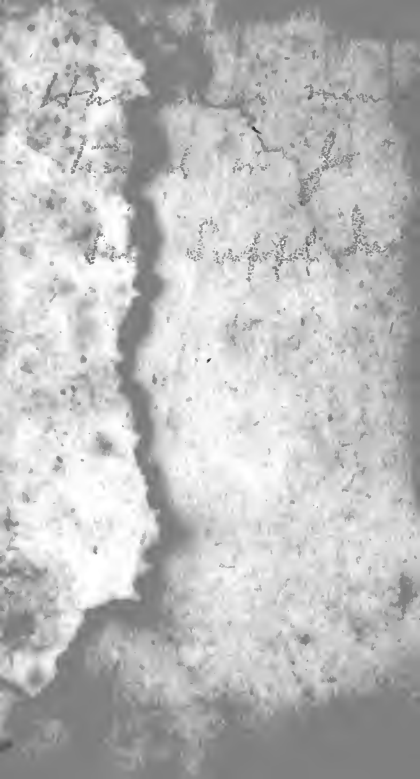
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.

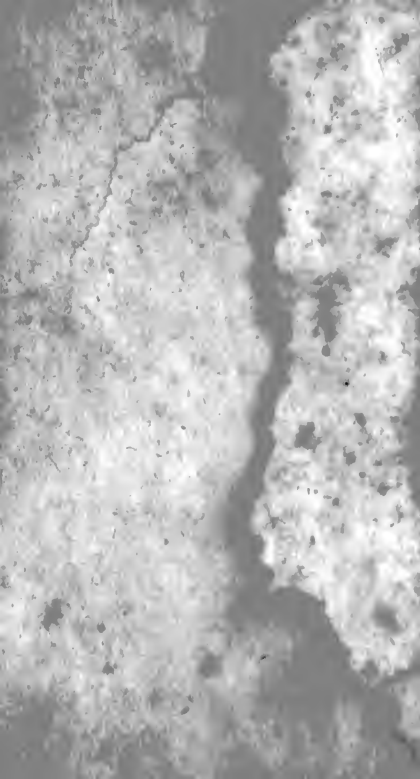
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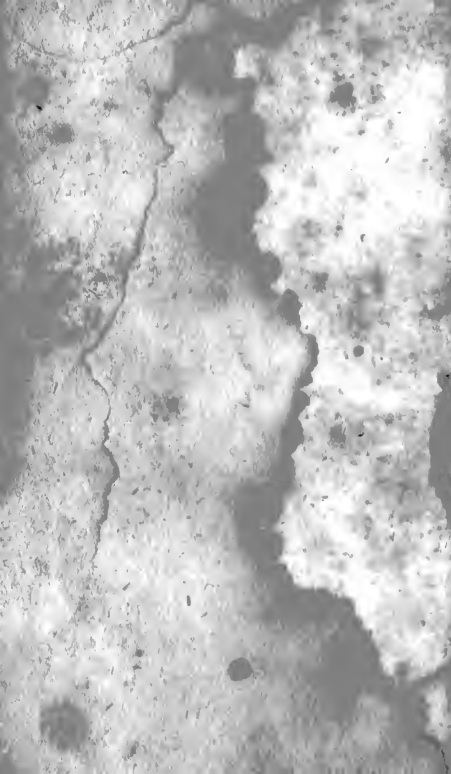
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

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THE NEW

AND

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MOST COMPLETE COLLECTION

OF

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

CAMP, SOCIAL,

AND

PRAYER MEETING

HYMNS

AND

SPIRITUAL SONGS,

NOW IN USE.

COMPILED BY

JOHN J. HARROD,

"Sing unto the Lord."

"Young men and maidens, old men and children,
let them praise the Lord." *Psalms.*

BALTIMORE:

PUBLISHED BY J. J. HARROD,

William Woody, printer.

1830.

DISTRICT OF MARYLAND, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on this sixteenth day of November, in the fifty-fourth year of the Independence of the United States of America, John J. Harrod, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:—

“The new and most complete collection of Camp, Social, and Prayer Meeting Hymns and Spiritual Songs, now in use. Compiled by John J. Harrod. ‘Sing unto the Lord.’ ‘Young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise the Lord.’ Psalms.”

In conformity to an act of the Congress of the United States entitled, “An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,” and also the act entitled, “An act supplementary to the Act, entitled, ‘An Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,’ and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of Designing, Engraving, and Etching Historical and other Prints.”

PHILIP MOORE,

Clerk of the District of Maryland.

THIS EDITION

OF

"The New and Most Complete

COLLECTION OF

CAMP, SOCIAL, AND PRAYER MEETING
HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS,"

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

To all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in
sincerity, and who delight in

"Singing praises to our God," by

THE COMPILER.

PREFACE.



"Let the word of Christ dwell in you, richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs, singing with grace in your hearts unto the Lord."

Colossians.

With such high and resistless authority as that of the New Testament, it is considered unnecessary to offer an apology for presenting to the Christian Public, a collection of Hymns and Spiritual Songs;—The collection now offered, presents, perhaps, upwards of one hundred and fifty Hymns and Spiritual Songs not found in any other volume in the United States.

The selections have been made from many other collections, with some original, prepared exclusively for this volume.

That Spiritual Songs are of ancient date, and use, will not be questioned by any; while their great utility will be readily accorded by Christians generally.

How far this humble effort to collect and condense in one small volume, those of most acknowledged merit and general use, which have long been separated, the Compiler most respectfully submits to those who are best calculated to form a correct opinion.

To those friends who have so cheerfully co-operated to render this an acceptable offering, the Compiler hereby tenders his sincere acknowledgments.

Such other friends as may have copies of merit which are not generally in print, will receive his thanks by their transmission to him.

If the present compilation shall, in any wise, subserve the purposes of Christian Devotion, as recognized by the caption of this article, the leading object of the Compiler will have been accomplished.

Baltimore, January 2, 1839.

CAMP, SOCIAL,
AND
PRAYER MEETING
HYMNS.



1. C. M.

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesu's name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
To crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Let high-born seraphs tune the lyre,
And as they tune it fall
Before his face who tunes their choir,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
He fix'd his floating ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Crown him, ye martyrs of your God,
Who from his altar call;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 5 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
 Ye ransomed of the fall,
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line
 Whom David Lord did call;
 The God incarnate, man divine,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 7 Sinners! whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go—spread your trophies at his feet,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 8 Let ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue,
 That hear the Saviour's call,
 Now shout an universal song,
 And crown him Lord of all.

2.

Sweet Home:

Original—by an intimate friend of the Compiler.

- 1 AN alien from God; and a stranger to
 grace,
 I wander through earth, its gay pleasures
 to trace;
 In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
 Unmindful alas! that it lead me from home.
- Home, home, sweet sweet, home,
 O Saviour! direct me to heaven my
 home.

2 The pleasures of earth, I have seen fade
 away,
 They bloom for a season, but soon they
 decay.
 But pleasures more lasting, in Jesus are
 given,
 Salvation on earth, and a mansion in hea-
 ven.

Home, home, sweet sweet, home,
 The saints in those mansions are ever
 at home.

3 Allure me no longer, ye false glowing
 charms!
 The Saviour invites me, I'll go to his
 arms;
 At the Banquet of Mercy, I hear there
 is room,
 O there may I feast with his children at
 home!

Home, home, sweet sweet home,
 O Jesus, conduct me to heaven my
 home!

4 Farewell, vain amusements, my follies,
 adieu,
 While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I
 view;
 I feast on the pleasures that flow from
 his throne,

The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven,
my home.

Home, home, sweet sweet, home,
O when shall I share the fruition of
home!

5 The days of my exile are passing away,
The time is approaching, when Jesus
will say,
Well done, faithful servant, sit down on
my throne
And dwell in my presence forever at
home.

Home, home, sweet sweet, home,
O there I shall rest with the Saviour at
home.

6 Affliction; and sorrow, and death shall
be o'er,
The saints shall unite to be parted no
more;
There loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high
dome,
They dwell with the Saviour forever at
home.

Home, home, sweet sweet, home,
They dwell with the Saviour forever
at home.

3. L. M.

- 1 **AMAZING** grace! (how sweet the sound
That sav'd a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found;
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear;
And grace my fears reliev'd;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believ'd!
- 3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.
- 4 The Lord has promis'd good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.
- 5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease;
I shall possess within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

4. P. M.

- 1 **ALMIGHTY** love inspire my heart with
pure desire,
Until the sacred fire my soul doth renew,

I love the blessed Jesus, on whom each
 angel gazes,
 And symphony increases, above the
 ethereal blue.

*O give him glory, O give him glory
 O give him glory, for glory is his own.*

2 My tender hearted Jesus, thy love my
 soul amazes,
 Who came from heav'n to save us, when
 lost and undone:
 No angel could redeem us, no seraph
 could retrieve us,
 No arm could relieve us, but Jesus alone.

3 In him I have believed, he has my soul
 retrieved,
 From sin he has redeemed my soul that
 was dead,
 And now I love my Saviour, for I am in
 his favour,
 And hope with him forever, the golden
 streets to tread.

4 Yet here awhile I stay, in hope of that
 glad day,
 'Till I'm called away to the mansions
 above

There to enjoy the treasure of uncon-
 suming pleasure,
 And shout in highest measure, hallelu-
 jahs of love.

5. P. M.

1 AWAK'D by Sinai's awful sound,
 My soul in guilt and thrall I found,
 I knew not what to do;
 O'erwhelmed with guilt, and anguish
 slain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 Or sink in endless wo.

2 Amaz'd I stood, but could not tell,
 Which way to shun the gates of hell;
 For death and hell drew near:
 I strove indeed, but strove in vain;
 The sinner must be born again,
 Still sounded in my ear.

3 Then to the law I trembling fled,
 It pour'd its curses on my head,
 I no relief could find:
 This fearful truth I found remain,
 The sinner must be born again,
 O'erwhelm'd my troubled mind.

4 Again did Sinai's thunder roll,
 And guilt lay heavy on my soul,

A vast unwieldly load:

Alas! I heard and found it plain,
The sinner must be born again,
Or drink the wrath of God.

5 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquer'd death and hell;
And broke the fowler's snare;
But when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.

6 While thus my soul in anguish lay,
Jesus of Naz'reth passed that way;
I felt his pity move:
The sinner by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And sings redeeming love.

7 To heaven the joyful tidings flew;
The angels tuned their harps anew,
And loftier sounds did raise:
All hail the Lamb that one was slain;
Unnumber'd millions born again,
Shall shout thy endless praise.

6. C. M.

1 ARISE and shine, O Zion fair,
Behold thy light is come;
Thy glorious conq'ring king is near;
To take his exiles home:

The trumpet sounding through the sky,
 To set poor captives free;
 The day of wonder now is nigh,
 The year of jubilee.

2 Ye heralds blow your trumpets loud,
 The earth must know her doom;
 Go spread the news from pole to pole,
 Behold the judge is come:
 Blow out the sun! burn up the earth!
 Consume the rolling flood!
 While every star shall disappear;—
 Go turn the moon to blood!

3 Arise ye nations under ground,
 Before the judge appear;
 All tongues and languages shall come,
 Their final doom to hear!
 King Jesus on his dazzling throne,
 Ten thousand angels round;
 And Gabriel with a silver trump,
 Echoe's the awful sound!

4 The glorious news of gospel grace
 To sinners now is o'er;
 The trump in Zion now is still,
 And to be heard no more!
 The watchmen all have left their walls,
 And with their flocks above,
 On Canaan's peaceful shore they sing,
 And shout redeeming love!

7. C. M.

- 1 AFFLICTIONS, tho' they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent,
They stopp'd the prodigal's career,
And caus'd him to repent.
- 2 Although he no relentings felt,
Till he had spent his store,
His stubborn heart began to melt,
When famine pinch'd him sore.
- 3 "What have I gain'd by sin," he said,
"But hunger, shame and fear?
My father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.
- 4 "I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face,
Unworthy to be call'd his son,
I'll seek a servant's place."
- 5 His father saw him coming back,
He saw, and ran, and smil'd;
Then threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.
- 6 "Father I've sinn'd, but O! forgive,"—
"Enough," the father said,
"Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
For whom I mourn'd as dead.
- 7 "Now let the fatted calf be slain,
Go spread the news around,

My son was dead, but lives again;
Was lost, but now is found."

- 8 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
To call poor sinners home;
More than a father's love he feels,
And welcomes all that come.

8. C. M.

- 1 APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.
- 2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh:
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
- 3 Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely prest;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.
- 4 Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him "thou hast died."
- 5 O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name,

- 6 "Poor tempest-tossed soul be still,
 My promis'd grace receive;"
 'Tis Jesus speaks, I must, I will,
 I can, I do believe,

9. P. M.

- 1 A FEW more days on earth to spend,
 And all my toils and cares shall end,
 Then I shall see my God and friend,
 And praise his name on high.
 There no more sighs, and no more tears,
 There no more pains, and no more fears,
 But God and Christ and heav'n appears.
 Unto the ravish'd eye.
- 2 Then, oh! my soul, despond no more,
 The storm of life will soon be o'er
 And I shall find the peaceful shore,
 Of everlasting rest.
 O happy day! O joyful hour,
 When freed from earth, my soul shall
 tower
 Beyond the reach of Satan's power,
 To be for ever blest.
- 3 Though dire afflictions press me sore,
 And death's black billows roll before,
 Yet still by faith, I see the shore,
 Beyond the rolling flood:
 The heav'nly Canaan sweet and fair,
 Before my ravish'd eyes appear,

And makes me almost think I'm there,
In yonder bright abode.

10. C. M.

- 1 AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name.
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies,
On flowery beds of ease!
While others fought to win the prize,
And sail'd through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure, I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer tho' they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Shields.] 11. C. M.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in;
When Christ the mighty maker died,
For man the creature's sin!
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

12. S. M.

- 1 AND can I yet delay,
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away,
For Jesus to receive?

- 2 Nay, but I yield, I yield!
 I can hold out no more:
 I sink, by dying love compell'd,
 And own Thee conqueror!
- 3 Though late, I all forsake,
 My friends, my all resign;
 Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
 And seal me ever thine!
- 4 Come, and possess me whole,
 Nor hence again remove:
 Settle and fix my wavering soul
 With all thy weight of love.
- 5 My one desire be this,
 Thy only love to know,
 To seek and taste no other bliss,
 No other good below.
- 6 My life, my portion thou,
 Thou all-sufficient art;
 My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
 Enter and keep my heart.

Shelds.] 13. C. M.

- 1 AND let this feeble body fail,
 And let it faint or die,
 My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
 And soar to worlds on high.
 Shall join the disembodied saints,
 And find its long sought rest:

That only bliss for which it pants
In the Redeemer's breast.

2 In hope of that immortal crown
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain:
I suffer on my three score years
Till my Deliv'rer come:
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

3 O what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my ravish'd eyes,
Rivers of life divine I see!
And trees of Paradise!
I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there!
They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conqu'ring palms they bear.

4 O what are all my suff'rings here,
If, Lord, thou count me meet,
With that enraptur'd host t' appear,
And worship at thy feet!
Give joy or grief, give ease or pain,
Take life or friends away;
But let me find them all again
In that eternal day.

- 1 AND are our joys so quickly fled,
We, who were fill'd with living bread,
With calm delight and peace;
Constrain'd, into the ship we go,
And now the boist'rous vi'lence know
Of these strong winds and seas.
- 2 To shipwreck our weak faith and hope,
Satan has rais'd a tempest up;
Prince of the lower air:
The world he actuates and guides,
And in that troubled ocean rides,
And reigns despotic there.
- 3 But lo! in our distress we see
The Saviour walking on the sea,
Even now he passes by;
He silences our clam'rous fear,
And mildly says, "Be of good cheer,
Be not afraid, 'tis I."
- 4 "'Tis I who bought you with my blood!
'Tis I, who brings you wash'd to God!
'Tis I the sinner's friend!
'Tis I in whom you pardon have!
Who speaks the truth, mighty to save.
And loves you to the end."
- 5 Ah! Lord, if it be thou indeed,
So near us in the time of need,
So good, so strong to save;

Stretch out thy hand and ask me why,
 Why didst thou doubt or fear, when I
 Thy Lord has bid thee live.

15. C. M.

- 1 AH, what can I, a sinner, do,
 With all my guilt opprest?
 I feel the hardness of my heart,
 And conscience knows no rest.
- 2 Great God, thy good and perfect law
 Does all my life condemn,
 The secret evils of my soul
 Fill me with fear and shame.
- 3 How many precious Sabbaths gone,
 I never can recall;
 And Oh, what cause have I to mourn,
 Who misimprov'd them all!
- 4 How long, how often have I heard
 Of Jesus, and of heaven;
 Yet scarcely listen'd to his word,
 Or pray'd to be forgiv'n!
- 5 Constrain me, Lord to turn to thee,
 And grant renewing grace;
 For thou this flinty heart canst break,
 And thine shall be the praise.

16. S. M.

1. A SOLDIER, Lord, thou hast me made,
 Thou art my Captain, King, and Head,
 And under thee I mean to fight,
 The fight of faith with all my might.

The cross all stain'd with hallowed blood,
 (The ensign of our conquering Lord,)
 The Christian soldier's standard is,
 And I will fight for king Jesus.

2 Thou art my guard, keep me I pray,
 That I may march the heavenly way,
 Nor from my duty e'er depart,
 But live to Christ with all my heart.
 Grant me the weapons of thy word,
 Thy powerful Spirit's two-edg'd sword,
 To slay my foes where'er they be,
 And own the victory won by thee.

3 Help me to walk in humbleness,
 March to the right in holiness;
 O make me pure and spotless too,
 And fit to stand the grand review.
 That when our General shall come,
 With sound of trumpet, not of drum,
 'Tis then our well'dress'd ranks shall stand,
 In full review at God's right hand.

4 The war is o'er, and we are free,
 To join the blood-wash'd company,
 Our wages shall be crowns of gold,
 And joys of heaven that can't be told.
 There like our glorious Lord we'll shine,
 In heavenly concert we shall join,
 And praises on the highest key,
 Shall be our theme eternally.

Egypt.] 17. S. M

- 2 **AND** am I born to die?
 To lay this body down!
 And must my trembling spirit fly
 Into a world unknown?
 A land of deepest shade,
 Unpierc'd by human thought;
 The dreary regions of the dead,
 Where all things are forgot!
- 2 Soon as from earth I go
 What will become of me?
 Eternal happiness or wo
 Must then my portion be!
 Wak'd by the trumpet's sound
 I from my grave shall rise,
 And see the Judge with glory crown'd
 And see the flaming skies!
- 3 Who can resolve the doubt
 That tears my anxious breast?
 Shall I be with the damn'd cast out,
 Or number'd with the blest?
 I must from God be driv'n,
 Or with my Saviour dwell;
 Must come at his command to heav'n
 Or else depart to hell.

18. P. M.

- 1 **BEGONE** unbelief, my Saviour is near,
And for my relief, will surely appear:
By pray'r let me wrestle, and he will
perform,
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the
storm.
- 2 Tho' dark be my way, since he is my
guide,
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures
all fail,
The word he has spoken shall surely
prevail.
- 3 His love in time past, forbids me to
think
He'll leave me at last, in trouble to
sink;
Each sweet Ebenezzer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me
quite thro'.
- 4 Determin'd to save, he watch'd o'er my
path
When Satan's blind slave, I sported with
death;
And can he have taught me to trust in
his name,

And thus far have brought me, to put
me to shame?

5 Why should I complain of want or dis-
tress,

Temptation or pain? he told me no less.
The heirs of salvation, I knew from his
word,

Through much tribulation, must follow
their Lord.

6 How bitter the cup, no heart can con-
ceive,

Which he drank quite up, that sinners
might live!

His way was much rougher, and darker
than mine;

Did Jesus thus suffer, and shall I repine?

7 Since all that I meet shall work for my
good,

The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is
food;

Tho' painful at present, 'twill cease be-
fore long,

And then, oh how pleasant, the con-
queror's song!

19. L. M.

1 AT every moment of our breath,
Life trembles on the brink of death,
A taper's flame that upwards turns,
While downwards to the dust it burns.

- 2 A moment ushered us to birth,
 Heirs of the commonwealth of earth;
 Moment by moment, years are past,
 And one, ere long, will be our last.
- 3 Time past and time to come are not,
 Time present is our only lot;
 O God, henceforth our hearts incline
 To seek no other love than thine.

19.

- 1 BROTHER soldier still fight on,
 Till the battle thou hast won;
 The great Captain thou didst chuse,
 Never did a battle lose.
 We his soldiers sure shall be,
 Happy in eternity.
- 2 Advocates for sin do say
 We can never win the day;
 Would discourage all the host,
 Meanly yield—the battle's lost. &c.
- 3 They that do his host defy,
 Shall before his presence fly;
 If we on our Captain call,
 They like Jericho shall fall. &c.
- 4 Still fight on and you shall see
 All the sons of Anak flee,
 Fear them not, tho' they be tall,
 Our great Captain conquers all. &c.

20. P. M.

- 1 BRIGHT scenes of glory strike my sense,
And all my passions capture,
Eternal beauties round me shine,
Infusing warmest rapture.
I live in pleasures, deep and full
In swelling waves of glory;
And feel my Saviour in my soul,
And glad to tell my story.
- 2 I feast on honey, milk, and wine,
I drink perpetual sweetness;
Mount Zion's beauties round me shine,
While Christ unfolds his glory!
No mortal tongue can show my joys,
Nor can an angel tell them;
Ten thousand times surpassing all
Terrestrial worlds or emblems.
- 3 My captivated spirit flies,
Through shining worlds of beauty,
Dissolv'd in blushes, loud I cry,
In praises loud and mighty,
And here I'll sing and swell the strain,
Of harmony delighted;
And with the millions learn the notes
Of saints in Christ united.
- 4 When earth and sea shall be no more
And all their glory perish,

When sun and moon shall cease to shine,
 And stars at midnight languish,
 My joys refin'd shall higher shine,
 With heav'n's radiant glory,
 And tell through one eternal day,
 Love's all immortal story.

21. P. M.

- 1 BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
 To my raptur'd vision,
 All the ecstatic joys that spring
 Round the bright Elysian:
 Lo! we lift our longing eyes,
 Break, ye intervening skies;
 Sons of righteousness arise,
 Ope the gates of paradise.
- 2 Floods of everlasting light,
 Freely flash before him:
 Myriads with supreme delight,
 Instantly adore him;
 Angelic trumps resound his fame,
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim,
 All the music of his name;
 Heaven echoing the theme.
- 3 Four and twenty elders rise
 From their princely station;
 Shout his glorious victories,
 Sing the great salvation;

Cast their crowns before his throne,
 Cry in reverential tone,
 Glory be to God alone,
 Holy! Holy! Holy One!

- 4 Hark! the thrilling symphonies,
 Seem, methinks, to seize us;
 Join we to the holy lays—
 Jesus—Jesus—Jesus!
 Sweetest sound in seraph's song
 Sweetest note on mortal's tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung—
 Jesus—Jesus flow along.

22. P. M.

[By the late Rev. G. Askins.]

- 1 BRETHREN, we have met to worship
 And adore the Lord our God;
 Will you pray with all your power,
 While we try to preach the word?
 All is vain unless the Spirit
 Of the Holy One comes down:
 Brethren, pray, and holy manna
 Will be shower'd all around.
- 2 Brethren, see poor sinners round you
 Slumbering on the brink of wo;
 Death is coming, hell is moving,
 Can you bear to let them go?

See our fathers and our mothers,
 And our children sinking down:
 Brethren, pray, and holy manna
 Will be shower'd all around.

3 Brethren, here are poor backsliders,
 Who were once near heaven's door,
 But they have betray'd their Saviour,
 And are worse than e'er before;
 Yet the Saviour offers pardon,
 If they will lament their wound;
 Brethren, pray, and holy manna
 Will be shower'd all around.

4 Sisters, will you join and help, like
 Moses's sisters helped him,
 While you see the trembling sinners,
 Who are struggling hard with sin?
 Tell them all about the Saviour,
 Tell them that he will be found:
 Pray on, sisters, and the manna
 Will be shower'd all around.

5 Let us love our God supremely,
 Let us love each other too,
 Let us love and pray for sinners,
 'Till our God makes all things new;
 Then he'll call us home to heaven,
 At his table we'll sit down:
 Christ will gird himself and serve us
 With sweet manna all around.

Farnworth.] 23. S. M.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.
 Before our Father's throne,
 We pour our ardent pray'rs;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts and our cares.
- 2 We share our mutual woes;
 Our mutual burden's bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain.
 But we shall still be join'd in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 3 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

24. C. M.

- 1 BEHOLD the tears that mourners shed--
 Their many sins foregiv'n!
 Their doubts and darkness all are fled,
 In peaceful hope of heav'n.
- 2 Say, burden'd soul, whose num'rous sins
 In dark array are set;
 What canst thou do to mitigate
 The terrors of thy debt?
- 3 Canst thou not love the friend who died
 That burden to assume? [thorns,
 Who shrunk not from the crown of
 The scourge—the cross—the tomb.
- 4 If heavy is the weight of guilt,
 Thy love must greater be—
 Then he, whose blood for man was spilt,
 Will shed his peace on thee.
- 5 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
 He pardons like a God;
 He will forgive your num'rous faults,
 Through a Redeemer's blood.

25. L. M.

- 1 COME sinners to the Gospel Feast,
 Let ev'ry soul be Jesus' Guest;
 There needs not one be left behind;
 For God hath bidden all mankind.
Through Grace, free Grace, &c.

- 2 Sent by my Lord, on you I call,
The invitation is to all;
Come all the world, come sinner thou
All things in Christ are ready *now*.
- 3 Come all ye souls by sin oppress'd,
Ye restless wand'ers after rest;
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.
- 4 My message as from God receive;
You all may come to Christ and live;
O let his love your souls constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.
- 5 His love is *mighty to compel*
His conqu'ring love *consent to feel*;
YIELD to his love's resistless pow'r,
And *fight against your God NO MORE*.
- 6 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious bleeding sacrifice;
His offered benefits embrace,
And freely *now be sav'd by Grace*.
- 7 This is the time, no more delay,
The invitation is to-day:
Come in *this moment at his call*,
And live for him who died for all.

26. L. M.

- 1 COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy laden sinners come:

I'll give you rest from all your toils,
 And bring you to my heav'nly home:
Come to Jesus, come and welcome, &c.

- 2 They shall find rest that learn of me,
 I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
 But passion rages like the sea,
 And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Sinners *now* come at his command,
 With faith, and hope, and humble zeal;
 Resign yourselves into *his hand*,
 To mould and fashion as he will.

27.

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above
 That have obtain'd the prize,
 And on the eagle wings of love
 To joy celestial rise;
 Let all the saints terrestrial sing
 With those to glory gone;
 For all the servants of our King
 In earth and heaven are one.
- 2 One family we dwell in Him,
 One Church above, beneath,
 Tho' now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.
 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow:
 Part of his host hath cross'd the flood,
 And part is crossing now.

- 3 Ten thousand to their endless home
 This solemn moment fly;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And we expect to die:
 His militant, embodied host
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to reach that happy coast,
 And reach that happy land.
- 4 Our old companions in distress
 We haste again to see,
 And eager long for our release,
 And full felicity:
 Ev'n now by faith we join our hands
 With those that went before;
 And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
 On the eternal shore.
- 5 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
 Like theirs, with glory crown'd,
 And shout to see our Captain's sign,
 To hear his trumpet sound;
 O that we now might grasp our guide,
 O that the word were given!
 Come, Lord of Hosts the waves divide,
 And land us all in heaven.

28.

- 1 COME all ye weary travellers,
 Come let us join and sing
 The everlasting praises
 Of Jesus Christ our King;

We've had a tedious journey,
 And tiresome, 'tis true,
 But see how many dangers
 The Lord has brought us through.

2 At first when Jesus found us,
 He call'd us unto him,
 And pointed out the dangers
 Of falling into sin;
 The world, the flesh, and Satan
 Will prove a fatal snare,
 Unless we do reject them
 By faith and humble pray'r.

3 But by our disobedience,
 With sorrow we confess,
 We have had long to wander
 Thro' this dark wilderness,
 Where we might long have fainted
 On that enchanted ground
 But now and then a cluster
 Of pleasant grapes we found.

4 The pleasant fruits of Canaan
 Give life, and joy, and peace,
 Revive our drooping spirits,
 And love and strength increase,
 To confess our Lord and Master
 And run at his command,
 We hasten on our journey,
 Home to the promis'd land.

- 5 Sinners, why stand you idle,
 While we do march along?
 Has conscience never told you :
 That you were doing wrong?
 Down the broad road to darkness,
 To bear an endless curse,
 Forsake your ways of sinning
 And come along with us.
- 6 But if you will refuse it,
 We bid you all farewell;
 We're on the road to Canaan,
 And you the road to hell;
 We're sorry thus to leave you,
 Had rather you would go;
 Come try your bleeding Saviour,
 And feel salvation flow.
- 7 Now to the King immortal,
 Give everlasting praise,
 All in his holy service
 We wish to spend our days:
 Till we arrive at Canaan,
 That happy world above,
 In everlasting praises,
 To sing redeeming love.

29.

- 1 COME and taste along with me,
 Consolation running free,
 From our Father's wealthy throne,
 Sweeter than the honey comb.

- 2 Why should Christian's feast alone,
Two are better far than one;
The more that come with free good will,
Make the banquet sweeter still.
- 3 Now I go to heav'n's door,
Asking for a little more;
Jesus gives a double share,
Calling me his chosen heir.
- 4 Goodness running like a stream,
Thro' the new Jerusalem;
And by constant breaking forth,
Sweetens earth and heaven both.
- 5 Now my body doth its best,
For to keep me back from Christ!
I've a treasure coming in,
Which is opposite to sin.
- 6 Sinful nature, prone to vice,
Cannot stop the force of grace,
Whilst there is a God to give,
And a sinner to receive.
- 7 Saints in glory singing loud
In the praises of their God,
Now come in at Heav'n's door,
Making still the number more.
- 8 Heav'n's here and Heav'n's there,
Comfort flowing every where,
This I boldly do confess,
That my soul has got a taste.

9 Now I go rejoicing home,
 From the banquet of perfume,
 Finding manna on the road,
 Dropping from the throne of God.

10 O return, ye sons of grace,
 Turn and see God's smiling face;
 Hark! he calls backsliders home,
 Then from him no longer roam.

30.

1 CHRIST is set on Zion's hill,
 He receiveth sinners still;
 Who will serve this blessed King,
 Come enlist and with me sing.

I his soldier sure shall be, &c.

2 I by faith enlisted am,
 In the service of the Lamb;
 Present pay I now receive,
 Future happiness he'll give.

3 Zion's King my Captain is,
 Conquest I shall never miss,
 Let the fiends of hell engage,
 Fret and foam, and roar and rage.

4 Let the world their forces join,
 With the fiends of hell combine;
 Greater is my King than they,
 Through him, I shall win the day.

5 What a Captain I have got;
 Is not mine a happy lot?

Hear, ye worldings! hear my song,
This the language of my tongue.

- 6 When this life's short space is o'er,
I shall live to die no more;
Therefore will I take the sword,
Fight for Jesus Christ my Lord.
- 7 Come, ye worldings, come enlist,
'Tis the voice of Jesus Christ;
Whosoever will, may come,
Jesus Christ refuseth none.

31.

- 1 COME ye that love the Lord indeed,
Who are from sin and bondage freed,
Submit to all the ways of God,
And walk that narrow happy road.
- 2 Great tribulation you shall meet,
But soon shall walk the golden street;
Tho' hell may rage and vent her spite,
Yet Christ will save his heart's delight.
- 3 That happy day will soon appear,
When Gabriel's trumpet you shall hear,
Sound thro' the earth, yea down to hell,
To call the nations great and small.
- 4 Behold the earth in burning flames,
The trumpet louder still proclaims;
The earth must hear and know her doom,
The separation day is come.
- 5 Behold the righteous marching home,
And all the angels bid them come,

When Christ himself these words pro-
claims,

Here come my saints, I know their names.

- 6 Ye everlasting gates fly wide,
Make ready to receive my bride;
Ye harps of heav'n, now sound aloud,
Here comes the purchase of my blood!
- 7 In grandeur see the royal line,
In glittering robes the sun outshine;
See saints and angels join in one,
And march in splendor to the throne.
- 8 They stand in wonder and look on,
They join in one eternal song,
Their great Redeemer to admire,
While rapture sets their souls on fire.
- 9 They've fought the fight, their race is
run,
Their joys are now in heaven begun,
Their tears are gone, their sorrows flee,
No more afflicted now like me.
- 10 Here I am now in prison bound,
And trials wait me all around,
O would'st thou Lord now burst the chain,
How would I join to praise thy name.

32.

- 1 COME ye happy race
Who are ransom'd by grace,
By the grace that is free for us all;
Come and hear, come and feel,

- While with rapture I tell
 What my Saviour hath done for my soul.
- 2 I rebell'd against God,
 And went on in the road
 That leads down to eternal despair;
 'Tis thro' mercy alone
 That I am not undone:
 'Tis amazing I yet am not there.
- 3 In gross darkness I lay
 Unto Satan a prey,
 Nor the danger or consequence fear'd:
 Not by rigour compell'd
 With delight did I yield,
 Nor complain'd that his service was hard.
- 4 But Jehovah's command
 Put my soul to a stand;
 O! the gracious and powerful cry:
 "Sinners, turn unto me;
 "For my mercy is free,
 "For why wilt thou perish and die?"
- 5 In a moment my guilt
 Thro' the blood that was spilt
 A new life from the dead I receiv'd;
 Then I sang the new song,
 With my heart and my tongue—
 With my heart to salvation believ'd.

33.

- 1 COME souls that long for Jesus,
 Come listen while we sing,

The hand that hath redeem'd us
From sorrow and from sin.

O come and taste the sweetness
That from a Saviour flows,
The grace of true repentance
That Christ on him bestows.

2 Tho' tears and bitter mourning
May seem to cast us down,
It shews we are returning
To our eternal home.
What tho' we are dejected,
And find a darksome night,
We shall not be rejected,
For Christ will give us light.

3 These thirsty longing mourners
Are blessed with the word,
Which proves they are returners
To Christ the living Lord,
Who many wants discover,
And long for righteousness,
Declare that they are lovers
Of Christ the Prince of Peace.

4 And ye that now are wand'ring
In sin's forbidden way,
Ye simple and ye scorning,
Who love to go astray,
Here Jesu's voice inviting
O sinner turn to me.

There's sweetness in returning
From sin's forbidden way.

34.

- 1 COME O thou Traveller unknown,
Whom still I hold but cannot see
My company before is gone,
And I am left alone with thee,
With Thee all night I mean to stay,
And wrestle till the break of day.
- 2 I need not tell Thee who I am;
My misery or sin declare;
Thyself hath call'd me by my name:
Look on thy hands and read it there!
But who, I ask thee, who art thou!
Tell me thy name and tell me now.
- 3 In vain thou strugglest to get free:
I never will unloose my hold:
Art thou the man that died for me,
The secret of thy love unfold;
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name, thy nature know.
- 4 Wilt thou yet to me reveal,
Thy new unutterable name?
O tell me, I beseech thee, tell,
To know it now resolv'd I am:
Wrestling I will not let thee go,
Till I thy name thy nature know.
- 5 'Tis all in vain to hold thy tongue,
Or touch the hollow of my thigh;

- Tho' every sinew were unstrung,
 Out of my arms thou shalt not fly;
 Wrestling I will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name thy nature know.
- 6 What tho' my shrinking flesh complain,
 And murmur to contend so long;
 I rise superior to my pain,
 When I am weak, then I am strong;
 And when my all of strength doth fail,
 I shall with thee, God-man, prevail.
- 7 My strength is gone, my nature dies,
 I sink beneath thy weighty hand;
 Faint to revive, and fall to rise,
 I fall, and yet by faith I stand:
 I stand, and will not let thee go,
 Till I thy name thy nature know.

35.

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love and pow'r;
Turn to the Lord and seek salvation, &c.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief, and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger;
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;

All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

5 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry before he dies.

6 Lo! the incarnate God ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture freely,
Let no other trust intrude.

7 Saints and angels join'd in concert
Sing the praises of the Lamb,
While the blissful feats of heav'n,
Sweetly echo with his name.

36. P. M.

1 COME brethren dear, who know the
Lord,
And taste the sweetness of his word,
In Jesu's way go on:
Our troubles and our trials here,
Will only make us richer there,
When we arrive at home.

2 We feel that heav'n is now begun,
It issues from the sparkling throne,
From Jesu's throne on high:

It comes in floods, we can't contain,
We drink, and drink, and drink again,
And yet we still are dry.

- 3 But when we come to dwell above,
And all surround the throne of love,
We'll drink a full supply:
Jesus will lead his armies through,
To living fountains where they flow,
That never will run dry.
- 4 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout, and
sing,
And make the upper regions ring,
When all the saints get home:
Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
Soon we shall meet together there,
For Jesus bids us come.
- 5 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there:
Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land,
Where we shall part no more.

37. P. M.

Union with Christ.

- 1 COME, saints and sinners, hear me tell
The wonders of Immanuel;
Who sav'd me from a burning hell,
And brought my soul with him to dwell;
And gave me heavenly union.

- 2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He look'd on me with pitying eye,
And said to me as he pass'd by,
With God you have no union.
- 3 Then I began to weep and pray,
I look'd this way and that to fly,
It griev'd me sore that I must die,
I sought salvation for to buy,
But still I found no union.
- 4 But when I hated all my sin,
My blest Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean,
And O! what seasons I have seen,
Ever since I felt this union.
- 5 I prais'd the Lord both night and day,
I went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I always found something to say,
About this heavenly union.
- 6 O, could I like an angel sound,
Salvation through the earth around,
The devil's kingdom to confound,
I'd triumph on Immanuel's ground,
And spread this heavenly union.
- 7 We soon shall leave all things below,
And quit this vale of pain and wo,
And then we'll all to glory go,

And there we'll see, and hear, and know;
And feel a perfect union.

38. C. M.

- 1 COME on, my brethren in the Lord,
Whose hearts are joined in one;
Hold up your heads with courage bold,
Your race is almost run:
Above the clouds, behold him stand,
And smiling bids you come;
And angels whisp'ring you away,
To your eternal home.
- 2 To see a pilgrim as he dies,
With glory in his view;
To heav'n he lifts his longing eyes,
And bids the world adieu,
While friends are weeping all around,
And loath to let him go;
He shouts with his expiring breath,
And leaves them all below!
- 3 O Christians are you ready now,
To cross the swelling flood;
On Canaan's happy shore to stand,
And see your smiling God!
The dazzling charms of that bright world,
Attracts my soul above!
My tongue shall shout redeeming grace,
When perfected in love.
- 4 Go on, my brethren in the Lord,
I'm bound to meet you there;

Although we tread enchanted ground,
 Be bold and never fear:
 Fight on, fight on, ye valiant souls,
 The land appears in view;
 I hope to gain fair Canaan's shore,
 And there to meet with you.

39. P. M.

- 1 COME, my soul, and let us try,
 For a little season,
 Ev'ry burden to lay by
 Come, and let us reason.
 What is this that casts you down?
 Who are those that grieve you?
 Speak and let the worst be known,
 Speaking may relieve you.
- 2 Christ by faith I sometimes see,
 Then it doth relieve me;
 But my sins return again,
 They are they that grieve me;
 Troubled like the restless sea,
 Feeble, faint, and fearful;
 Plung'd in sin, that sore disease,
 How can I be cheerful.
- 3 Think on what your Saviour bore
 In the gloomy garden,
 Sweating blood from every pore,
 To procure thy pardon.
 See him stretch'd upon the wood,
 Bleeding, groaning, crying,

Suff'ring all the wrath of God,
Groaning, gasping, dying.

40. P. M.

- 1 CAST thy burdens on the Lord,
Leave them with thy Saviour;
He, (whose hands for thee were bor'd,)
Can and will deliver.
- 2 Why should sorrows bow thee down,
Trials or temptation!
Is not Christ, upon the throne,
Still thy strong salvation!
- 3 Roll thy burdens on the Lord,
Leave them with thy Saviour;
He, (whose hands for thee were bor'd,)
Can and will deliver.

41. P. M.

The Weary Pilgrim's Consolation.

- 1 COME, and taste along with me
The weary Pilgrim's consolation;
Boundless mercy running free,
The earnest of complete salvation.
Joy and peace in Christ I find,
My heart to him is all resign'd;
The fulness of his power I prove,
And all my soul's dissolv'd in love.
Jesus is the Pilgrim's portion,
Love is boundless as the ocean.

2 When the world of flesh would rise,
 And strive to draw me from my Saviour,
 Strangers slight, or friends despise,
 I then more highly prize his favour.
 Friends, believe me when I tell,
 If Christ be present, all is well:
 The world and flesh in vain may rise,
 I all their efforts do despise.

In the world I've tribulation,
 But in Christ I've consolation.

3 Worldlings hold me in disdain,
 Because I shun their carnal pleasure;
 All in this which gives me pain
 Is, that they slight a noble treasure.
 But still among them, bless the Lord!
 Are those who tremble at his word,
 And this doth joy to me impart,
 To think the Lord hath reach'd their heart.
 O the grace to sinners given,
 Peace on earth, and crowns in heaven.

4 When I hear the pleasing sound
 Of weeping mourners just converted,
 The dead's alive, the lost is found,
 The Lord hath healed the broken hearted.
 My heart exults, my spirits glow,
 I love my Lord and brethren so,
 Oh, had I wings like Noah's dove,
 I soon would sing with those above

Glory, honour, and salvation,
What I feel is past expression.

5 Fellow sinner go with me;
My heart's enlarged to receive you;
Slight not mercy offer'd free,
Come to Jesus he'll relieve you:
But if you offer'd grace refuse,
And will destruction ever choose,
Unhappy soul your guilt and blood,
Will rest on your defenceless head:
Darkness, torment, pain, and sorrow,
May be yours before to-morrow.

6 Mourner see your Saviour stand,
With arms expanding to receive you;
He spreads for you his bleeding hands,
Venture on him, he'll relieve you:
Cast all your doubts and fears aside,
The door of mercy's open wide:
The fountain flows which saves from sin;
Come now believe and enter in.
Don't distrust your blessed Saviour;
Come, believe, and live for ever.

42. C. M.

1 CONVINC'D of sin, men now begin,
To call upon the Lord,
Trembling they pray, and mourn the day
In which they scorn'd his word.

- 2 Young converts sing, and praise their
King,
And bless God's holy name:
While older saints leave their complaints
And joy to join the theme.
- 3 God's chariot rolls, and frights the souls,
Of those who hate the truth:
And saints in pray'r cry, "Lord draw near,
Have mercy on the youth:—
- 4 "From this glad hour exert thy pow'r,
And melt each stubborn heart;
In those that bleed, let love succeed,
And holy joys impart "
- 5 Come, sinners, all, hear now God's call,
And pray with one accord:
Saints, raise your songs, with joyful
tongues,
To hail your approaching Lord.

43. 7s.

- 1 COME, ye weary sinners, come,
All, who feel your heavy load;
Jesus calls the wand'ers home;
Hasten to your pard'ning God,
Come, ye guilty souls opprest,
Answer to the Saviour's call:
"Come, and I will give you rest;
Come, and I will save you all."
- 2 Jesus,—full of truth and love,
We thy kindest call obey,

Faithful let thy mercies prove,
 Take our load of guilt away,
 Weary of this war within,
 Weary of this endless strife,
 Weary of ourselves and sin,
 Weary of a wretched life.

- 3 Burden'd with a world of grief,
 Burden'd with our sinful load,
 Burden'd with this unbelief,
 Burden'd with the wrath of God,
 Lo, we come to thee for ease,
 True and gracious as thou art;
 Now our weary souls release,
 Write forgiveness on our heart.

44. P. M.

- 1 COME, poor sinners, seek salvation,
 Now embrace your Saviour, Lord;
 Grace, through faith, to every nation,
 Sounds the glorious gospel word.

O glory, glory, hallelujah.

- 2 Breathe the Spirit, blessed Jesus,
 Let it ev'ry bosom move;
 Sinners, none but him can save us,
 Fly, embrace your Saviour's love.
- 3 Come, backsliders, though you've pierc'd
 him,
 And have caused the church to mourn,
 Yet you may regain free pardon,
 If you will to him return.

4 And come ye, who love King Jesus,
 He attends your humble prayer:
 Now he waits with joy to crown us,
 Lo! we feel his presence here.

45. S. M.

- 1 COME ye that love the Lord,
 And let your joys be known:
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 While ye surround his throne.
 Let those refuse to sing
 Who never knew our God:
 But servants of the heavenly King
 May speak their joys abroad.
- 2 The God that rules on high,
 That all the earth surveys,
 That rides upon the stormy sky,
 And calms the roaring seas;
 This awful God is ours,
 Our Father and our Love;
 He will send down his heavenly powers
 To carry us above.
- 3 There we shall see his face,
 And never, never sin!
 There, from the rivers of his grace
 Drink endless pleasure in;
 Yea, and before we rise
 To that immortal state,
 The thoughts of such amazing bliss
 Should constant joys create.

- 4 The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below,
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground
 From faith and hope may grow;
 Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry:
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
 To fairer worlds on high.

Townhead.] 46. 4 lines 7's.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
 As we journey let us sing;
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise;
 Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are trav'ling home to God,
 In the way our father's trod;
 They are happy now, and we
 Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 O ye banish'd seed, be glad,
 Christ our Advocate is made:
 Us to save our flesh assumes,
 Brother to our souls becomes.
- 4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of our land;
 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
 Bids us undismay'd go on.
- 5 Lord! obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below:
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

47. C. M.

- 1 COME humble souls, ye mourners, come,
And wipe away your tears;
Adieu to all your sad complaints,
Your sorrows and your fears.
- 2 Come shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme
In loftier strains above.
- 3 God, th' eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends:
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.
- 4 My Father God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear!
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my list'ning ear.
- 5 Thanks to my God for every gift -
His bounteous hands bestow;
And thanks eternal for that love
Whence all those comforts flow.
- 6 For ever let my grateful heart
His boundless grace adore,
Which gives ten thousand blessings now,
And bids me hope for more.
- 7 Transporting hope! still on my soul -
Let thy sweet glories shine,
Till thou thyself art lost in joys,
Immortal and divine.

48. C. M.

- [1 COME, let us join our friends above,
 Who have obtain'd the prize;
 And on the eagle's wings of love,
 To joy celestial rise.]
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
 With those to glory gone;
 For all the servants of our king
 In heaven and earth are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in him,
 One church, above, beneath:
 Tho' now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow;
 Part of the host have cross'd the flood
 And part are crossing now.
- 5 Ten thousand to their endless home
 This solemn moment fly;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And soon expect to die.
- 6 Dear Saviour, be our constant guide,
 Then, when the word is given,
 Bid death's cold flood and waves divide,
 And land us safe in heaven.

49. P. M.

- 1 COME brethren and sisters that love my
 dear Lord,
 I pray give attention and ear to my word,

What a wonder of mercy! behold now I see,
 What a tender kind Saviour has done for
 poor me.

2 I was led by the devil till tost and distress'd,

I thought that in torments I soon should be
 cast,

No peace to my conscience, but all misery,
 Till by faith I saw Jesus hang bleeding for
 me.

3 O Sinner, said Jesus, for you I have died;
 All glory to Jesus, my soul then repli'd.

The guilt was remov'd, my soul did rejoice,
 The blood was apply'd, the witness and
 voice.

4 On my low bended knees before God I
 did fall,

And glory to Jesus for he's all in all;
 The heart of his rebel was burst in twain,
 To see my dear Jesus on Calvary slain.

5 There then peace was in heaven, and
 peace upon earth,

The angels rejoic'd at a poor sinners birth;
 Your sins are forgiven my Saviour did say,
 Oh! witness sweet heaven, on this my birth
 day.

6 My soul it was humbled, I fell to the
 ground,

The time of refreshing at length I have
 found,

O Lord, thou hast ravish'd my soul with
thy charms;
Let me die like Simeon, with Christ in my
arms.

50. P. M.

- 1 COME all ye wandering pilgrims dear,
Who'r bound for Canaan's land;
Take courage and fight valiantly,
Stand forth with sword in hand.
Our Captain's gone before us,
The Father's only Son;
Then Pilgrims dear, pray do not fear,
But let us follow on.
- 2 We've a dark and howling wilderness,
'Twixt this and Canaan's shore;
A land of droughts, and pits, and snares,
Where hideous dangers roar:
But Jesus will attend us,
And guard us in the way;
If enemies examine us,
He'll teach us what to say.
- 3 "Good morning, brother traveller,
"Pray tell me what's your name;
"And where it is you're going too,
"Also from whence you came?"
My name it is Bold Pilgrim,
To Canaan I am bound;
I'm from the howling wilderness;
From that enchanted ground.

- 4 "Pray what is that upon your head
 "That shines so clear and bright?
 "Likewise the covering of your breast,
 "So dazzling to my sight?
 "What kind of shoes are them you wear,
 "In which you boldly stand?
 "Likewise that shining instrument,
 "You bear in your right hand?
- 5 'Tis glorious hope upon my head,
 And on my breast a shield;
 With this bright sword I mean to fight
 Until I win the field;
 My feet are shod with gospel peace
 On which I boldly stand,
 And I'm resolv'd to fight till death,
 And win fair Canaan's land.
- 6 "You'd better stay with me Pilgrim,
 "And give your journey o'er;
 "Your Captain, he is out of sight,
 "His face you'll see no more:
 "My name it is Appolyon,
 "This land belongs to me,
 "And for your arms and pilgrim dress
 "I'll give it all to thee."
- 7 O no, says the bold pilgrim, Sir,
 Your offer I disdain,
 A glittering crown of glory bright
 I shortly shall obtain,
 If I but hold out faithful

To my dear Lord's command,
 I jointly shall be heir with him
 In Canaan's happy land.

- 8 'Tis true indeed I am not freed
 From enemies as yet;
 But by the grace of God I stand
 With them beneath my feet,
 Now I rejoice with a loud voice
 In hope of victory;
 And to God's grace, I'll give the praise
 To all eternity.

51. 8's & 7's.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
 Streams of mercy never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise:
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
 Mount of thy redeeming love!
- 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interpos'd his precious blood!

- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee:
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
 Seal it for thy courts above.

Gorham.] 52. 4 8's & 2 6's.

- 1 COME on, my partners in distress,
 My comrades through the wilderness,
 Who still your bodies feel;
 Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
 And look beyond this vale of tears,
 To that celestial hill.
- 2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
 Look forward to that heav'nly place,
 The saints' secure abode;
 On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
 And force your passage to the skies,
 And scale the mount of God.
- 3 Who suffer with our Master here,
 We shall before his face appear,
 And by his side sit down;
 To patient faith the prize is sure;
 And all that to the end endure
 The cross shall wear the crown.

Thrice blessed inspiring hope,
 It lifts the fainting spirits up;
 It brings to life the dead!
 Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
 And you and I ascend at last,
 Triumphant with our head.

5 That great mysterious Deity:
 We soon with open face shall see
 The beatific sight,
 Shall fill the heav'nly courts with praise,
 And wide diffuse the golden blaze
 Of everlasting light.

53.

1 DEAR Jesus, here comes and knocks at
 thy door,

A beggar for crumbs, distressed and poor,
 Blind, lame, and forsaken, all rolled in his
 blood,

At last overtaken when running from God.

2 To ask children's bread, I dare not pre-
 sume;

But, Lord, to be fed with fragments I come,
 Some crumbs from thy table, O let me ob-
 tain,

For, lo! thou art able my wants to sustain.

3 I own I deserve no favour to see;
 So long I did swerve and wander from thee,
 'Till brought by affliction my follies to
 mourn,

Now under conviction to thee I return.

4 For since thou hast said thou wilt cast
 out none,
 That fly to thy aid as sinners undone,
 Now Lord I am come as condemned to die,
 And on this sweet promise I humbly rely.
 5 I cannot depart, dear Jesus, nor yield,
 Till feels my poor heart this promise fulfil'd,
 That I may for ever a monument be, [me.
 To praise the dear Saviour of sinners like

54. L. M

- 1 DON'T you see my Jesus coming?
 Don't you see him in yonder cloud?
 With ten thousand angels round him,
 See how they do my Jesus crowd!
- 2 Don't you see his arms extended?
 Don't you hear his charming voice?
 Each loving heart beats high for glory,
 Oh! my Jesus is my choice.
- 3 Don't you see the saints ascending!
 Hear them shouting through the air!
 Jesus smiling, trumpets sounding,
 Now his glory they shall share.
- 4 Don't you see the heav'ns open,
 And the saints in glory there?
 Shouts of triumph bursting round you,
 Glory, glory, glory here!
- 5 Come backsliders, tho' you've pierc'd
 him,
 And have caus'd his church to mourn;

Yet you may regain free pardon,
If you will to him return.

- 6 Now behold each loving spirit,
Shout the praise of his dear name;
View the smiles of their dear Jesus,
While his presence feeds the flame.
- 7 There we'll range the fields of pleasure,
By our dear Redeemer's side:
Shouting glory, glory, glory,
While eternal ages glide.

55. P. M.

- 1 DARK and thorny is the desert
Through which pilgrims make their
way:
Yet beyond this vale of sorrow,
Lie the fields of endless day;
Fiends loud howling through the desert,
Make them tremble as they go,
And the fiery darts of Satan
Often bring their courage low.
- 2 O young pilgrims are you weary,
Of the roughness, of the way,
Does your strength begin to fail you,
And your vigour to decay?
Jesus, Jesus, will go with you:
He will lead you to his throne;
He who dy'd his garments for you:
And the wine-press trod alone,

- 3** He whose thunder shakes creation,
 He who bids the planets roll:
 He who rides upon the tempest,
 And whose sceptre sways the whole:
 Round him are ten thousand angels,
 Ready to obey command,
 They are always hov'ring round you,
 'Till you reach the heavenly land.
- 4** There on flow'ry hills of pleasure,
 Lie the fields of endless rest;
 Love, and joy, and peace for ever
 Reign and triumph in your breast,
 Who can paint the scenes of glory
 Where the ransom'd dwell on high;
 They on golden harps for ever
 Sound redemption through the sky!
- 5** There are thousands flaming seraphs
 Flying across the heav'nly plain,
 Where they sing immortal praises;
 Glory, glory, is their strain.
 But methinks a sweeter concert,
 Makes the heav'nly arches ring:
 And the song is heard in Zion,
 Which the angels cannot sing.
- 6** O their crowns! how bright they sparkle
 Such as monarchs never wore;
 They are gone to richer pastures,
 Jesus is their shepherd there.
 Hail! ye happy, happy spirits,
 Death no more shall make you fear,

Grief or sorrow, pain or anguish,
Shall no more distress you there.

56. P. M.

- 1 DROOPING souls no longer grieve,
Heaven is propitious;
If in Christ you do believe,
You will find him precious.
Jesus, he is passing by,
Calling mourners to him,
He has died for you and me,
Now look up and view him.
- 2 From his hands, his feet, his side,
Flows the healing lotion,
See the consoling tide,
Boundless as the ocean.
Feel the living waters move,
O ye sick and dying,
And resolve to gain his love,
Or to perish trying.
- 3 Grace's store is full and free,
Drooping souls to gladden,
Jesus calls, Come unto me
Ye weary, heavy laden:
Though your sins like mountains high,
Rise and reach to Heaven;
Soon as you on Christ rely;
All shall be forgiven.
- 4 Now methinks, I hear one say,
I will go and prove him,

If he take my sins away—

Surely I shall love him:

Now I see the Saviour smile,

He removes my burden,

All's of grace—though I am vile,

Yet he seals my pardon.

5 Streaming mercy how it roll'd,

Now I know, I feel it,

Half has never yet been told,

Yet I want to tell it;

Jesus' blood has heal'd my wound,

O the wondrous story,

I was lost, but now I'm found,

Glory, glory, glory.

6 Glory to my Saviour's name,

Saints are bound to love him:

Sinners you may do the same,

Only come and prove him.

Hasten to my Saviour's blood,

Feel it, and declare it;

O that I could sing so loud

That all the world might hear it.

7 Should no greater joys be known

In the upper region,

Still I'd strive to travel on

In this pure Religion.

Heaven now, and Heaven then;

Glory hear and yonder,

Brightest Seraphs shout Amen,

While the Angels wonder.

57. P. M.

- 1 **DEATH** shall not destroy my comfort,
 Christ shall guide me thro' the gloom,
 Down He'll send some heavenly convoy,
 To convey my spirit home:
 Jordan's streams shall ne'er o'erflow me,
 While my Saviour's by my side,
 Canaan, Canaan lies before me,
 Rise and cross the swelling tide.
- 2 See the happy spirits waiting,
 On the banks beyond the stream,
 Sweet responses still repeating,
 Jesus, Jesus, is their theme:
 See they whisper! hark! they call me,
 Sister spirit come away!
 Lo I come! earth can't contain me,
 Hail ye realms of endless day!
- 3 Worlds of light, and crowns of glory,
 Far above yon azure sky,
 Tho' by faith I now explore ye;
 I'll enjoy you soon on high:
 Soon I'll gain a full possession,
 Faith and hope shall henceforth cease,
 Lost in love's exhaustless ocean,
 Love that sweetest, brightest grace.
- 4 Smiling angels now surround me,
 Troops resplendent fill the skies,
 Glory shining all around me,
 While my towering spirit flies:

Jesus clad in dazzling splendour,
 Now methinks appears in view,
 Brethren, could you see my Jesus,
 You would serve and love him too.

58. P. M.

- 1 DANIEL'S wisdom may I know,
 Stephen's faith and spirit show,
 John's divine communion feel,
 Moses' meekness, Joshua's zeal;
 Run like the unwearied Paul,
 Win the day and conquer all.
- 2 Mary's love may I possess,
 Lydia's tender-heartedness,
 Peter's ardent spirit feel,
 James' faith by works reveal.
 Like young Timothy, may I
 Every sinful passion fly.
- 3 Job's submission may I show,
 David's true devotion know;
 Samuel's call, O may I hear,
 Lazarus' happy portion share;
 Let Isaiah's hallow'd fire,
 All my new born soul inspire.
- 4 Mine be Jacob's wrestling prayer,
 Gideon's valiant steadfast care,
 Joseph's purity impart,
 Isaac's meditating heart,
 Abraham's friendship may I prove,
 Faithful to the God of love.

- 5 Most of all, may I pursue,
That example Jesus drew;
By my life and conduct show
How he liv'd and walk'd below;
Day, by day, through grace restor'd
Imitate my blessed Lord.
- 6 When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasting lamps are dead,
When in cold oblivion's shade,
Youth and fame and power are laid,
Where immortal spirit's reign,
There may we all meet again.

Condolence.] 59. 4 lines 7's.

- 1 DEPTH of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserv'd for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls:
Griev'd him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled his relentings are,
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "how shall I give thee up?"
Let's the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel,
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

- 5 Now incline me to repent!
 Let me now my fall lament!
 Now my foul revolt deplore!
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

60. 8,7,4.

- 1 DAY of Judgment, day of wonders!
 Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
 Louder than a thousand thunders,
 Shakes the vast creation round!
 How the summons
 Will the sinner's heart confound!
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
 Cloth'd in majesty divine!
 You who long for his appearing,
 Then shall say, "This God is mine!"
 Gracious Saviour,
 Own me in that day for thine.
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
 Rise to life from earth and sea:
 All the powers of nature shaken,
 By his looks prepared to flee,
 Careless sinner,
 What will then become of thee?
- 4 Horrors past imagination,
 Will surprise your trembling heart,
 When you hear your condemnation,
 "Hence accursed wretch depart!
 "Thou with satan
 "And his angels have thy part!"

61.

- 1 DELIGHT, and softest sympathy,
My faithful heart divide,
When I behold the shameful tree
Where my Redeemer died!
I look on him whose blood redeems,
And bears me up to God;
I look—and while the fountain streams,
My tears increase the flood.
- 2 I want to pour a sea of tears,
With blessed grief to mourn,
In view of him whose form appears
By my offences torn.
My sins have done th' atrocious deed,
Have caus'd the killing smart,
And pierc'd his soul and made him bleed,
The balm that breaks my heart.
- 3 His precious blood both wounds and heals
(When faith the balm applies)
My peace restores, my pardon seals,
My nature sanctifies;
His precious blood the life inspires
Which angels live above,
And fills my infinite desires,
And turns me all to love.

62. L. M.

- 1 ENCOMPASS'D with clouds of distress,
Just ready all hopes to resign,

I pant for the light of thy face,
 And fear it will never be mine:
 Dishearten'd with waiting so long,
 I sink at thy feet with my load;
 All plaintive I pour out my song,
 And stretch forth my hand unto God.
 2 Shine, Lord, and my terror shall cease,
 The blood of atonement apply,
 And lead me to Jesus for peace,
 The rock that is higher than I.
 Speak, Saviour! for sweet is thy voice,
 Thy presence is fair to behold;
 Attend to my sorrows and cries,
 My groanings that cannot be told.
 3 If sometimes I strive as I mourn,
 My hold of thy promise to keep,
 The billows more fiercely return,
 And plunge me again in the deep.
 While harrass'd and cast from thy sight,
 The tempter suggests with a roar,
 "The Lord has forsaken thee quite;
 Thy God will be gracious no more."
 4 Yet, Lord, if thy love hath design'd
 No covenant blessing for me,
 Ah, tell me, how is it I find
 Some pleasure in waiting for thee.
 Almighty to rescue thou art;
 Thy grace is my shield and my tower;
 Come, succour and gladden my heart,
 Let this be the day of thy power.

- 1 **FIX** my heart and eyes on thine!
What are other objects worth?
But to see thy glory shine,
Is a heav'n begun on earth:
Trifles can no longer move,
Oh, I tread on all beside,
When I feel my Saviour's love,
And remember how he di'd.
- 2 Now my search is at an end,
Now my wishes rove no more!
Thus my moments I would spend,
Love, and wonder, and adore:
Jesus, source of excellence!
All thy glorious love reveal!
Kingdoms shall not bribe me hence,
While thy happiness I feel.
- 3 Take my heart, 'tis all thine own,
To thy will my spirit frame;
Thou shalt reign, and thou alone,
Over all I have, or am:
If a foolish thought should dare
To rebel against thy word,
Slay it, Lord, and do not spare,
Let it feel thy Spirit's sword.
- 4 Making thus the Lord my choice,
I have nothing more to choose,
But to listen to thy voice,
And my will in thine to lose:

Thus, whatever may betide,
 I shall safe and happy be:
 Still content and satisfi'd,
 Having all, in having thee.

Abridge.] 64. C. M.

- 1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
 No other help I know;
 If thou withdraw thyself from me,
 Ah, whither shall I go?
- 2 What did thine only Son endure,
 Before I drew my breath!
 What pain, what labour to secure
 My soul from endless death!
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
 I now should feel thy power,
 Now my poor soul thou wouldst retrieve,
 Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
 My weary, longing eyes:
 O let me now receive that gift,
 My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
 O speak, and I shall live;
 And here I will unwearied lie,
 Till thou thy spirit give.
- 6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
 Could they but see thy face;
 O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
 And taste thy pard'ning grace!

- 1 **FERVENT** persevering prayers
Are faith's assur'd resource;
Brazen gates and iron bars,
In vain withstand their force;
Peter when in prison cast,
Though by soldier's kept with care;
Though the doors were bolted fast,
Was soon releas'd by pray'r.
- 2 While he slept, an angel came
And spread a light around;
Touch'd and call'd him by his name,
And rais'd him from the ground;
All his chains and fetters burst,
Ev'ry door wide open flew;
Peter thought he dream'd, at first,
But found the vision true.
- 3 Thus the Lord can make a way
To bring his saints relief;
'Tis their part to wait and pray,
In spite of unbelief;
He can break thro' walls of stone,
Sink the mountain to a plain;
They to whom his name is known,
Can never pray in vain,

66. L. M.

- 1 **FAREWELL**, dear friends, I must be
gone,
I have no home or stay with you;

- I'll take my staff and travel on,
 'Till I a better world do view;
 Farewell, farewell, farewell,
 My loving friends farewell
- 2 Farewell, my friends, time rolls along,
 Nor waits for mortals, care or bliss,
 I'll leave you here, and travel on.
 'Till I arrive where Jesus is.
- 3 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
 To you I'm bound in cords of love;
 Yet we believe his gracious word,
 That soon we all shall meet above.
- 4 Farewell, old soldiers of the cross,
 You've struggled long and hard for heav'n
 You've counted all things here but dross,
 Fight on, the crown shall soon be giv'n.
- 5 Farewell, ye blooming sons of God,
 Sore conflicts yet await for you:
 Yet dauntless keep the heavenly road,
 'Till Canaan's happy land you view.
- 6 Farewell, poor careless sinners too,
 It grieves my heart to leave you here,
 Eternal vengeance waits for you;
 O turn, and find salvation near.

67. P. M.

- 1 FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the
 time is at hand, [band;
 That we must be parted from this social

- Our several engagements now call us
away,
Our parting is needful, and we must obey.
- 2 Farewell, my dear brethren, farewell for
a while,
We'll soon meet again, if kind providence smile;
But when we are parted, and scattered abroad,
We'll prayer for each other when wrestling with God.
- 3 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be
discharg'd,
The war will be ended, your treasures enlarg'd;
With shouting and singing, tho' Jordan may roar,
We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.
- 4 Farewell, ye young converts, who're
listed for war,
Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near;
Altho' you must travel the dark wilderness,
Your captain's before you, he'll lead you to peace.
- 5 The world and the devil, and hell all
unite,
And bold persecution will try you to
fright;

But Jesus stands for you, who is stronger
than they,

Let this animate you to march on your
way.

6 Farewell, seeking mourners, with sad
broken hearts,

O hasten to Jesus, and choose the good
part,

He's full of compassion, and mighty to
save,

His arms are extended your souls to re-
ceive.

7 Farewell, faithful Christians, farewell all
around,

• Perhaps we'll not meet, till the last trump
shall sound;

To meet you in glory, I'll give you my
hand,

Our Saviour to praise in a pure social band

68. P. M.

1 FROM the regions of love, lo! an angel
descended,

And told the strange news, how the babe
was attended;

Go Shepherds and visit the wonderful
stranger,

See yonder bright star, there's your God
in a manger.

*Hallelujah to the lamb, who has purchased
our pardon.*

- 2 Glad tidings I bring, unto you and each nation,
 Glad tidings of joy, now behold your salvation;
 Then suddenly multitudes rais'd their glad voices,
 And shout hallelujahs, while heaven rejoices.
- 3 Now glory to God in the highest is given,
 All glory to God is re-echo'd in heaven;
 Around the whole earth, let us tell the glad story,
 And sing of his love, his salvation, and glory.
- 4 Enraptur'd I burn, with delight and desire,
 Such love, so divine, sets my soul all on fire;
 Around the bright throne hossannahs are ringing,
 O when shall I join them, and ever be singing.
- 5 O Jesus ride on, thy kingdom is glorious
 O'er sin, death and hell, thou shalt make us victorious;
 Thy banner unfurl let the nations surrender,
 And own thee their Saviour, their God, and defender.

69. P. M.

- 1 FAREWELL, my dear brethren, I bid
you farewell,
I'm going to travel the way to excel;
I'm going to travel the wilderness through
Therefore, my dear brethren, I bid you
adieu.
- 2 The thoughts of our parting doth cause
me to grieve,
So well do I love you, but you I must
leave;
My Jesus commands, and I must obey,
Therefore, my dear brethren don't grieve
after me.
- 3 May the heavens protect you, be Jesus
your guide,
On the walls of our Zion may you ever
abide;
Though we live at a distance, and you I
ne'er see,
On the bank of sweet Canaan acquaint-
ed we'll be.
- 4 There all things are plenty, and the leaves
growing green,
And the parting of Christians no more to
be seen;
No sorrow, no trouble shall enter that
place,

But there we shall join in a song of free
grace.

5 And when we meet Jesus in the mansion
above,

Where saints and bright angels are feast-
ing on love:

O then we shall look for each mourner
that's here,

How glad we shall be to meet each other
there.

6 Farewell to all sorrows, temptations, and
pains,

I'm going where Jesus forever doth reign

I'm going to Jesus his goodness to prove,

Where saints and bright angels are feast-
ing on love.

70. P. M.

1 FROM whence does this union arise,
That hatred is conquer'd by love?

It fastens our souls with such ties,
That distance, nor time can remove.

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a Paradise lost;

It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus's dear blood it did cost.

3 My friends once so dear unto me,
Our souls so united in love;

Where Jesus is gone, we shall be,
In yonder blest mansions above.

- 4 O! why then so loath for to part?
 Since there we shall soon meet again,
 Engrav'd on Immanuel's heart,
 At a distance we cannot remain.
- 5 And then we shall see that bright day,
 And join with the angels above,
 Set free from the prisons of clay,
 United in Jesus's love.
- 6 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
 And all his bright glory shall see,
 Singing, hallelujahs, amen;
 Amen! even so let it be.

71. 7's.

- 1 GRACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
 My requests vouchsafe to hear;
 More distressed with guilt am I,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 2 [Wealth and honour I disdain,
 Earthly comforts all are vain;
 These can never satisfy,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.]
- 3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
 Only take away my guilt;
 Mourning at thy feet I lie,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.]
- 4 All unholy and unclean,
 I am nothing else but sin;
 I to thee for mercy fly,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

- 5 Thou dost freely save the lost,
 In thy mercy I would trust;
 With my earnest suit comply,
 Give me Christ; or else I die.
- 6 O, my God, what shall I say?
 Take, O take my sins away:
 Jesu's blood to me apply,
 Give me Christ, or else I die.

72.

- 1 GREAT God, preserved by thine arm,
 I pass'd the shades of night,
 Serene—and safe from ev'ry harm,
 And see returning light.
- 2 Oh, let the same Almighty care
 My wakeful hours defend;
 From ev'ry danger, ev'ry snare,
 My heedless steps defend;
- 3 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
 And guide my future days;
 And let thy goodness fill my soul
 With gratitude and praise.

73. C. M.

- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary, rest.

- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding place;
 My never failing treas'ry fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.
- 4 By thee prayers acceptance gain,
 Altho' I was defil'd;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 And I am own'd a child.
- 5 Jesus! my shepherd, husband, friend,
 My prophet, priest, and king;
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thoughts;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With ev'ry fleeting breath;
 And may the music of thy name,
 Refresh my soul in death.

74. C. M.

- 1 HOW lost was my condition,
 'Till Jesus made me whole!
 There is but one physician
 Can cure a sin-sick soul!
 Next door to death he found me,
 And snatch'd me from the grave,
 To tell to all around me,
 His wondrous power to save.

- 2 The worst of all diseases
 Is light, compar'd with sin;
 On ev'ry part it siezes,
 But rages most within;
 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
 And madness—all combin'd;
 And none but a believer,
 The least relief can find.
- 3 From men great skill professing,
 I thought a cure to gain,
 But this prov'd more distressing,
 And added to my pain:
 Some said that nothing ail'd me,
 Some gave me up for lost;
 Thus ev'ry refuge fail'd me,
 And all my hopes were cross'd.
- 4 At length this great physician,
 How matchless is his grace!
 Accepted my petition,
 And undertook my case:
 First gave me sight to view him,
 For sin my eyes had seal'd;
 Then bid me look unto him;
 I look'd and I was heal'd.
- 5 A dying risen Jesus,
 Seen by the eye of faith;
 At once from danger frees us,
 And saves the soul from death:
 Come then to thy physician,
 His help he'll freely give;

He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only—look and live,

75.

- 1 HARK, my soul, it is the Lord,
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word,
 Jesus speaks and speaks to thee,
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
- 2 "I deliv'd thee when bound,
 And when wounded, heal'd thy wound;
 Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
 Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Can a woman's tender care
 Cease toward the child she bear?
 Yes, she may forgetful be,
 Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 "Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above;
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,
 When the work of grace is done;
 Partner of my throne shall be,
 Say, poor sinner lov'st thou me?"
- 6 Lord it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is weak and faint;
 Yet I love thee, and adore,
 Oh for grace to love thee more!

76.

- 1 HOW happy every child of grace,
 The soul that's fill'd with joy and peace,

That bears the fruit of righteousness,
 And kept by Jesu's power,
 Their trespasses are all forgiv'n,
 They antedate the joys of heav'n:

In rapturous lays
 Shout the praise
 Of Jesu's grace,
 To a lost race

Of sinners, brought to happiness
 Through the atoning blood of Jesus.

- 2 Satan may tempt and hell may rage,
 And all the powers of earth besiege;
 Their united strength at once engage

To pluck a soul from Jesus:
 The faithful soul laughs them to scorn,
 He's heaven-bound, he's heaven-born,

He'll watch and pray,
 Night and day,
 Fight' his way,
 Win the day,

And all his enemies dismay,
 Thro' the mighty name of Jesus.

- 3 O monster, Death, thy string is drawn,
 O, boasting grave, no trophies won;
 The saint triumphs thro' grace alone,

To praise the name of Jesus.
 At length he bids the world adieu,
 With all his vanity and shew—

The soul it flies,
 Thro' the skies,

- To Paradise,
 And joins its voice,
 In rapturous lays of love to praise
 The glorious name of Jesus.
- 4 When Gabriel's awful trump shall sound,
 And rend the rocks, convulse the ground,
 And swears that time is at an end,
 Ye dead arise to judgment.
 See lightnings flash and thunder roll,
 The earth wrapt like a parchment scroll,
 Comets blaze,
 Sinners raise,
 Dread amaze,
 And horrors seize
 The guilty sons of Adam's race,
 Unsav'd from sin by Jesus.
- 5 The Christian, fill'd with rapturous joy,
 Midst flaming worlds he mounts on high,
 To meet his Saviour in the sky,
 And see the face of Jesus.
 Then soul and body reunite,
 And fill'd with glory infinite:
 Blessed day,
 Christians say,
 Will you pray,
 That we may
 All join that happy company,
 To praise the name of Jesus.

- 1 HAIL, sov'reign love that first began,

- The scheme to rescue fallen man;
 Hail matchless, free, eternal grace,
 That gave my soul a hiding place.
- 2 Inwraught in dark Egyptian night,
 And fond of darkness more than light,
 Madly I ran the sinful race,
 Secure without a hiding place.
- 3 But lo! th' eternal council ran,
 Almighty love, arrest the man;
 I felt the arrows of distress,
 And found I had no hiding place.
- 4 Vindictive justice stood in view,
 To Sinai's fiery mount I flew,
 But Justice cried with frowning face,
 This mountain is no hiding place.
- 5 But lo! a heavenly voice I heard,
 And mercy for my soul appear'd,
 She led me on a pleasant pace,
 To Jesus Christ my hiding place.
- 6 Should storms of sevenfold thunder roll,
 And shake the globe, from pole to pole,
 No thunder bolt shall daunt my face,
 For Jesus is my hiding place.
- 7 A few more rolling years at most,
 Will land me safe on Canaan's coast,
 When I shall sing a song of grace,
 Safe in my glorious hiding place.

78. P. M.

- 1 HARK! the jubilee is sounding;
 O the joyful news is come;

Free salvation is proclaimed,
 In and through God's own dear Son;
 Now we have an invitation
 To the meek and lowly Lamb;
 Glory, honour, and salvation,
 Christ the Lord has come to reign.

2 Come dear friends and don't neglect it,
 Come to Jesus in your prime;
 Great salvation, don't reject it,
 O receive it, now's your time;
 Now the Saviour is beginning
 To revive his work again;
 Glory, honour, and salvation,
 Christ the Lord is come to reign.

3 Come, dear children, praise our Jesus,
 Praise him, praise him evermore,
 May his great love now constrain us,
 His great name for to adore;
 O then let us join together,
 Crowns of glory to obtain;
 Glory, honour, and salvation,
 Christ the Lord is come to reign.

79. P. M.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the
 Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word;
 What more can he say, than to you he
 hath said,
 You, who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

2 In every condition, in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth;
At home and abroad, on the land, on the
sea,

'As thy days may demand, shall thy
strength ever be.

3 'Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dis-
may'd,

'I, I am thy God, and will still give thee
aid;

'I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause
thee to stand,

'Upheld by my righteous omnipotent
hand.

4 'When through the deep waters I call
thee to go,

'The rivers of wo shall not thee overflow,

'For I will be with thee, thy troubles to
bless,

'And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

5 'When through fiery trials thy pathway
shall lie,

'My grace all sufficient, shall be thy sup-
ply,

'The flame shall not hurt thee, I only
design

'Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to
refine.

6 'Even down to old age, all my people
shall prove,

'My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable
love;

'And when hoary hairs shall these tem-
ples adorn,

'Like lambs they shall still in thy bosom
be borne.

7 'The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for
repose

'I will not, I will not; desert to his foes,

'That soul, though all hell should endea-
vour to shake,

'I'll never, no never, no never forsake.

80. P. M.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy!

Sounds aloud from Calvary;

See, it rends the rocks asunder—

Shakes the earth and veils the sky!

"It is finish'd!"

Hear the Saviour—dying—cry.

2 It is finish'd!—Oh, what pleasure

Do these precious words afford!

Heav'nly blessings without measure,

Flow to us from Christ, the Lord:

It is finish'd!

Saints, thy dying words record.

3 Finish'd—all the types and shadows

Of the ceremonial law;

Finish'd—all that God has promis'd;

Death and hell no more shall awe:
It is finish'd!

Saints from hence your comforts draw.

- 4 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,—
Join to sing the pleasing theme:
All on earth and all in heaven,
Join to praise Immanuel's name,
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

81. 10 & 11.

- 1 HAIL! thou blest morn when the great
Mediator,
Down from the mansion of heav'n did
descend,

Shepherds go worship the babe in a manger
Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.

*Kindest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star in the east the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer was laid.*

- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew drops were
shining,
Low lay his head with the beasts of the
stall,

Angels adore him, in slumbers reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

- 3 Say shall we yield him a costly devotion,
Odours of Eden, or offering divine;

Gems from the mountains or pearls from
the ocean,

Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the
mine.

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
All those can never his favour secure:

Richer by far is the hearts adoration,
Dearest to God are the prayers of the
poor.

5 Low at his feet, we in humble prostration
Lose all our sorrow, and trouble and strife,
There we receive his divine consolation,
Flowing afresh from the fountain of Life.

6 He is our friend in the midst of temptation
Faithful supporter whose love cannot fail,
Rock of our refuge and Hope of Salvation,
Light to direct me thro' death's gloomy
vale.

82. P. M.

1 HOW happy, how loving, how joyful I
feel!

I want to feel more love, yea more love
and zeal,

I want my love perfect, I want my love
pure,

That all things with patience I may well
endure.

2 I want to love wisdom that comes from
above,

I want to be holy, fill'd with pure love,
I want my light clear that beholders may
see,

How faith and good works in sweet union
agree.

3 My union I want with the Father and Son
I want that love perfect which now is be-
gun,

That love and sweet union that soothes
every care,

And with my dear brethren all burthens
to bear.

4 Come all my dear brethren both aged
and youth, [truth,

And all who are willing to walk in the

Let us all join together in union and love,

And on our good journey all joyful we'll
prove.

5 When time is no more, and from earth
we remove,

To dwell in the regions of peace, life,
and love,

With Jesus our Saviour, and all holy men,

We'll shout hallelujah's for ever, Amen.

83. P. M.

Home.

1 HOW sad are the moments when wan-
dering from God,

And thorny and dark is the dangerous road;

But light is the pathway which leads to the
tomb,

When cheer'd by the presence of Jesus
my home,

Home! Home! sweet, sweet, home,

When cheer'd by the presence of Je-
sus my home.

2 Though fading are joys which earth can
bestow,

And false is the light which illumines us be-
low;

Though sorrows like clouds hang around
us in gloom,

The beams of his love light me on my way
home,

Home! Home! &c. &c.

The beams of his love, &c.

3 When the tempest of life has sunk into
repose,

And death shall the beauties of heaven dis-
close,

With all the redeem'd, I o'er it will roam,

And sing Hallelujah to Jesus my home.,

Home! Home! &c. &c.

And sing Hallelujah, &c.

84. C. M.

1 HARK! listen to the trumpeters,

They call for volunteers;

- On Zion's bright and flowery mount,
Behold the officers.
- 2 Their horses white, their armour bright,
With courage bold they stand,
Enlisting soldiers for their King,
To march to Canaan's land.
- 3 It sets my heart all in a flame,
A soldier for to be,
I will enlist, gird on my arms,
And fight for liberty.
- 4 We want no cowards in our bands,
That will their colours fly;
We call for valiant hearted men
Who're not afraid to die.
- 5 To see our armies on parade,
How martial they appear;
All arm'd and dress'd in uniform
They look like men of war.
- 6 They follow their great General,
The great eternal Lamb,
His garments stain'd in his own blood,
King Jesus is his name.
- 7 The trumpets sound, the armies shout,
They drive the hosts of hell;
How dreadful is our God t' adore,
The great Immanuel.
- 8 Sinners, enlist with Jesus Christ,
The eternal Son of God,
And march with us to Canaan's land,
Beyond the swelling flood.

- 9 There on a green and flowery mount,
 Where fruits immortal grow,
 With angels all array'd in white—
 We'll our Redeemer know.
- 10 We'll shout and sing for ever more;
 In that eternal world,
 While Satan and his army too,
 Shall down to hell be hurl'd.
- 11 Lift up your heads, ye soldiers round,
 Redemption's drawing nigh;
 We soon shall hear the trumpet sound,
 That shakes the earth and sky.
- 12 In fiery chariots we shall rise,
 And leave the world on fire;
 And all surround the throne of love,
 And join the heavenly choir.

Holstein.] 85. 8 lines 8's.

- 1 HOW tedious and tasteless the hours,
 When Jesus no longer I see;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
 flow'rs,
 Have all lost their sweetness to me:
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 But when I am happy in him,
 December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His name yields the richest perfume,
 And sweeter than music his voice;
 His presence disperses my gloom,

- And makes all within me rejoice:
 I should, were he always thus nigh,
 Have nothing to wish or to fear,
 No mortal more happy than I,
 My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd;
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind:
 While bless'd with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear;
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 4 Bless'd Lord, if indeed I am thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say why do I languish and pine?
 And why are my winters so long?
 O drive these dark clouds from my sky
 Thy soul cheering presence restore,
 Or take me to thee up on high,
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

86. C. M.

- 1 HARK! from the tombs a doleful sound
 My ears attend the cry:
 "Ye living men come view the ground,
 Where you must shortly lie.
- 2 'Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your towers!

The tall, the wise, the reverend head,
Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
And are we still secure?

Still walking downward to the tomb,
And yet prepar'd no more?

4 Grant us the power of quick'ning grace,
To fit our souls to fly:

Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
We'll rise above the sky.

Water-street] 87. P. M.

1 HOW happy are they,
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue cannot express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love?

2 That comfort was mine,
When the favour divine
I first found in the blood of the Lamb:
When my heart it believ'd,
What a joy I receiv'd,
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
The angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

- 4 Jesus all the day long
 Was my joy and my song:
 O that all his salvation might see!
 He hath lov'd me, I cried,
 He hath suffer'd and died,
 To redeem such a rebel as me.
- 5 On the wings of his love,
 I was carried above
 All sin, and temptation, and pain;
 I could not believe
 That I ever should grieve,
 That I ever should suffer again.
- 6 I rode on the sky,
 Freely justified I,
 Nor did envy Elijah his seat:
 My soul mounted higher
 In a chariot of fire,
 And the moon it was under my feet.
- 7 O rapturous height
 Of that holy delight,
 Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
 Of my Saviour possess'd,
 I was perfectly blest,
 As if fill'd with the fulness of God.

88. C. M.

- 1 HARK! how from Sinai's mount proceeds
 The trumpet's awful blast:

- While yet the heart with anguish bleeds,
And sinks in wo at last.
- 2 Behold the sinner's fearless soul,
Which love could ne'er arrest,
With trembling hears the thunder roll,
And death approaching fast.—
- 3 But lo! what sound of heav'nly peace,
Amid the storm I hear;
When howling winds a moment cease,
And love succeeds to fear!
- 4 Now on the hill of Calvary,
Where Jesus once was slain,
Sweet peace, and love, and sympathy,
There all unbroken reign.
- 5 Whene'er the tempests vengeful voice,
And guilt my soul appal,
I then in Jesus will rejoice,
And mercy's gentle call.
- 6 And when by care and wo opprest
Or storms of sorrow fall,
I'll flee to him and find a rest—
Enjoy in him my all.

89. 8, 7.

- 1 HAIL, my ever blessed Jesus,
Only thee I wish to sing;
To my soul thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.
Oh, what mercy flows from heav'n,
Oh, what joy and happiness!

Love I much?—I've much forgiv'n—
I'm a miracle of grace.

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour pass'd that way.
Witness, all ye hosts of heav'n,
My Redeemer's tenderness!

Love I much?—I'm much forgiv'n—
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Shout, ye bright angelic choir;
Praise the Lamb enthron'd above;
While astonish'd I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.
That blest moment I receiv'd him,
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much?—I've much forgiv'n—
I'm a miracle of grace.

90. C. M.

1 HOW happy every child of grace
Who knows his sins forgiven:
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight;
Yet, O! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepar'd for me.

2 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;

Nor can its happiness or wo
 Provoke my hope or fear.
 Its evils in a moment end,
 Its joys as soon are past:
 But, O! the bliss to which I tend,
 Eternally shall last.

- 3 To that Jerusalem above
 With singing I repair,
 While in the flesh, my hope and love,
 My heart and soul are there,
 There my exalted Saviour stands,
 My merciful High-priest,
 And still extends his wounded hands
 To take me to his breast.
- 4 What is there here to court my stay,
 To hold me back from home,
 While angels beckon me away,
 And Jesus bids me come?
 Shall I regret my parted friends
 Still in the vale confin'd?
 Nay, but whene'er my soul ascends,
 They will not stay behind.
- 5 The race we all are running now:
 And if I first attain,
 They too their willing head shall bow,
 They too the prize shall gain:
 Now on the brink of death we stand:
 And if I pass before,
 They all shall soon escape to land,
 And hail me on the shore.

- 6 O what a blessed hope is ours!
 While here on earth we stay,
 We more than taste the heavenly powers
 And antedate that day:
 We feel the Resurrection near,
 Our life in Christ conceal'd,
 And with his glorious presence here
 Our earthen vessels fill'd.
- 7 O would He more of heaven bestow,
 And let the vessel break,
 And let our ransom'd spirits go
 To grasp the God we seek:
 In rapturous awe on Him to gaze
 Who bought the sight for me,
 And shout and wonder at his grace
 Thro' all eternity.

91. 7, 8.

- 1 HAPPY soul, thy days are ended,
 All thy mourning days below,
 Go, by angel-guards attended,
 To the sight of Jesus, go!
- 2 Waiting to receive thy spirit,
 Lo! the Saviour stands above,
 Shows the glory of his merit,
 Reaches out the crown of love.
- 3 Struggle through thy latest passion
 To thy dear Redeemer's breast,
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest.

- 4 For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain;
 Die, to live the life of glory—
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.

92. 7's.

- 1 HIGH in yonder realms of light,
 Dwell the raptur'd saints above,
 Far beyond our feeble sight,
 Happy in Immanuel's love.
 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
 Once then knew, like us below,
 Gloomy doubts, distressing fears,
 Tort'ring pain and heavy wo.
- 2 Oft the big, unbidden tear,
 Stealing down the furrow'd cheek,
 Told, in eloquence sincere,
 Tales of woe they could not speak.
 But, these days of weeping o'er,
 Past this scene of toil and pain,
 They shall feel distress no more,
 Never—never weep again!
- 3 'Mid the chorus of the skies,
 'Mid the angelic lyres above,
 Hark—their songs melodious rise,
 Songs of praise to Jesus' love!
 Happy Spirits! ye are fled,
 Where no grief can entrance find,
 Lull'd to rest the aching head,
 Sooth'd the anguish of the mind!

- 4 All is tranquil and serene,
 Calm and undisturb'd repose—
 There no cloud can intervene—
 There no angry tempest blows!
 Ev'ry tear is wip'd away,
 Sighs no more shall heave the breast;
 Night is lost in endless day—
 Sorrow—in eternal rest!

93. P. M.

An emblem of man.!

- 1 HAIL, ye sighing sons of sorrow,
 Learn with me your certain doom:
 Learn with me your fate to-morrow,
 Dead, perhaps laid in the tomb.
 See all nature fading, dying,
 Silent all things seem to mourn,
 Life from vegetation flying,
 Calls to mind the mould'ring urn.
- 2 Lo! in yonder forest standing,
 Lofty cedars how they nod,
 Scenes of nature how surprising;
 Read in nature, nature's God.
 While the annual frost are cropping
 Leaves and tendrils from the trees,
 Annually our friends are dropping,
 We are like to one of these.
- 3 Hollow winds about me roaring;
 Noisy waters round me rise,
 While I sit my fate deploring,
 Tears fast streaming from my eyes.

What to me is autumn's treasure,
 Since I know no earthly joy,
 Long have I lost all youthful pleasure,
 Time will health and youth destroy.
 4 Former friends, how oft I've sought them,
 To console my troubled mind.
 Now they're gone like leaves of autumn,
 Scatter'd by the dreary wind.
 When a few more days are wasted,
 And a few more scenes are o'er,
 When a few more griefs I've tasted,
 I shall rise to fall no more.
 5 Fast my sun of life's declining,
 Soon 'twill set in endless night,
 But my hopes pure and reviving,
 Rise to fairer worlds of light.
 Cease this trembling, mourning, sighing,
 Death shall burst this sullen gloom,
 Then my spirit, fluttering, flying,
 Shall be borne beyond the tomb.

94. 7's.

1 HARK! the song of Jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunders roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore:-
 Hallelujah! for the Lord,
 God Omnipotent, shall reign;
 Hallelujah! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

- 2 Hallelujah! hark! the sound,
 From the depth unto the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation harmonies:—
 See Jehovah's banner furl'd,
 Sheath his sword: he speaks: 'tis done
 And the kingdoms of this world
 Are the kingdoms of his Son.
- 3 He shall reign from pole to pole
 With illimitable sway:
 He shall reign, when like a scroll;
 Yonder heav'ns have pass'd away:—
 Then the end:—beneath his rod,
 Man's last enemy shall fall;
 Hallelujah! Christ in God,
 God in Christ, is all in all.

95. P. M.—6, 7.

- 1 HEARTS of stone, relent, relent,
 Break—by Jesu's love subdued,
 See his body mangled, rent,
 Cover'd with a gore of blood!
 Sinful soul, what hast thou done!
 Murder'd God's eternal Son!
- 2 Yes, our sins have done the deed,
 Drove the nails that fix him here,
 Crown'd with thorns his sacred head.
 Pierc'd him with a soldier's spear,
 Made his soul a sacrifice;
 For a sinful world he dies.
 Shall we let him die in vain?

Still to death pursue our God?
 Open tear his wounds again,
 Trample on his precious blood?
 No: with all our sins we part:
 Saviour take my broken heart.

96. C. M.

- 1 HOW much the hearts of those revive
 That love and fear the Lord,
 When sinners dead are made alive
 By his all quick'ning word.
- 2 The parent views, with joyful eyes,
 His now returning son,
 And in exstatic joy he cries,
 "What hath the Saviour done?"
- 3 The ministers of Christ rejoice,
 When souls the word receive;
 When sinners hear the Saviour's voice
 And in the Lord believe.
- 4 The church of God their praises join
 And of Salvation sing;
 They glorify the grace divine,
 Of their victorious King.
- 5 In heaven above there's joy and praise,
 Before the Lord most high;
 The angelic choirs their voices raise,
 And with each other vie.
- 6 But greater joy must they possess,
 Who *feel* this glorious change;
 Their lab'ring tongues can but express
 How true, but yet how strange!

97. P. M.

1 I LOVE thee, I love thee, I love thee my
love,

I want thy salvation more fully to prove:

I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, O why?
Because my dear Saviour for sinners did die.

2 We'll talk of redemption while we stay
below,

We'll sing of redemption when upwards
we go;

When the sun shall be darken'd, the moon
turn'd to blood,

We'll shout full redemption in the king-
dom of God.

3 When sinking in sorrow free grace did
abound,

Pursu'd by the devil, redemption we found;
Our hearts to redemption we'll tune ev'ry

string,
Thro' heaven's high arches redemption

shall ring.

4 Redemption, redemption, to him that
was slain,

We'll out-sing the angels in this heavenly
strain,

Redemption to Jesus, for ever we'll cry,
For men, not for angels, the Saviour did die

5 The song of creation bright angels may
sing,

But we'll sing redemption to Christ our
king,
Thro' eternal ages these songs shall be sung
While Jesus's glory inspires each tongue.

98. C. M.

- 1 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day,
In humble, grateful prayer.
- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all His promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore;
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heav'n;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempests driv'n.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day.

99. L. M.

- 1 I'VE listed in the holy war,
Content to suffer soldier's fare;

- The banner over me is love;
 I draw my rations from above.
- 2 I've fought thro' many a battle sore,
 And I must fight thro' many more;
 I'll take my breastplate, sword and shield
 And boldly march into the field.
- 3 The world, the flesh, and Satan too,
 Unite and try what they can do;
 On thee, O Lord, I humbly call,
 Uphold me, Lord, or I shall fall.
- 4 I've listed, and I mean to fight
 Till all my foes are put to flight:
 And when the vict'ry I have won,
 I'll give the praise to God alone.
- 5 Come, fellow-christians, join with me,
 Come, face the foe and never flee:
 The heav'nly battle is begun,
 Come, take the field, and win the crown.
- 6 With listing orders I am come,
 Come rich, come poor, come old and
 young;
 The bounty-money now is giv'n,
 And glorious crowns laid up in heav'n.
- 7 Our Captain General's gone before,
 And you may draw from grace's store;
 But if you will not list and fight,
 You'll sink into eternal night.

100. C. M.

- 1 IN evil long I took delight,
 Unaw'd by shame or fear;

- 'Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopt my wild career.
- 2 I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
Who fix'd his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.
- 3 Sure, never to my latest breath,
Can I forget that look;
It seem'd to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and own'd the guilt,
And plung'd me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail him there.
- 5 Alas! I knew not what I did,
But now my tears are vain:
Where shall my trembling soul be hid?
For I the Lord have slain.
- 6 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid,
I'll die that thou may'st live."
- 7 Thus, while his death my sin displays,
In all its blackest hue;
Such is the mystery of grace)
It seals my pardon too.
- 8 With pleasing grief and mournful joy,
My spirit now is fill'd,
That I should such a life destroy,
Yet live by him I kill'd.

101. L. M.

- 1 I'M glad that I am born to die,
 From grief and wo my soul shall fly;
 Bright angels shall convey me home,
 Away to new Jerusalem.

Hallelujah.

- 2 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 I hope to praise him after death,
 I hope to praise him when I die,
 And shout salvation as I fly.
- 3 Farewell vain world, I'm going home;
 My Saviour smiles and bids me come;
 Sweet angels beckon me away,
 To sing God's praise in endless day.
- 4 I soon shall pass the vale of death,
 And in his arms I'll lose my breath:
 And then my happy soul shall tell
 My Jesus has done all things well.
- 5 I soon shall hear the awful sound,
 Awake ye nations under ground:
 Arise and drop your dying shrouds,
 And meet king Jesus in the clouds.
- 6 When to that blessed world I rise,
 And join the anthems in the skies;
 This note above the rest shall swell,
 My Jesus, has done all things well.
- 7 Then shall I see my blessed God,
 And praise him in his bright abode;

My theme through all eternity
Shall glory, glory, glory be.

102. P. M.

1 IN the house of king David, a fountain
did spring,
For sin and transgressions, from Jesus our
king;
This fountain flows sweetly, whenever
applied,
It sprang from the bowels of Christ,
when he died.

2 Come all that have bathed in the foun-
tain of love,
And have felt th' heavy burthen of guilt
to remove:
Let's praise our dear Saviour, as long
as we've breath,
And after we're laid in the dust of the
earth.

3 There, there, we shall sleep but not al-
ways remain,
We look for the coming of Jesus again;
When wak'd by the trumpet, we'll lay
by our shrouds,
And rise to meet Jesus, our Lord, in the
clouds.

4 How we shall be fashion'd, he does not
declare,

But we shall be like him when he doth
 appear;
 And that happy moment we're longing
 to see,
 When we shall be perfectly happy in
 thee.

5 Lord Jesus, I love thee thou knowest
 very well;

Assist me to conquer the powers of hell;
 Though Satan he rages and frightens me
 too,

Lord Jesus protect me, and bring me
 safe through.

103. P. M.

1 I LOVE my blessed Saviour,
 I feel I'm in his favour,
 And I am his for ever

If I but faithful prove;
 And now I'm bound for Canaan,
 I feel my sins forgiv'n,
 And soon shall get to heaven,
 To sing redeeming love.

2 Poor sinners may deride me,
 And unbelievers chide me,
 But nothing shall divide me,
 From Jesus my friend.

Supported by his power,
 I long to see the hour,

That bids my spirit tower,
And all my troubles end.

- 3 The pleasing time is hast'ning,
My tott'ring frame is wasting,
While I'm engaged in praising,
Impelled by his love,
When yonder shining orders,
Who sing on Canaan's borders,
Shall bear me to their Lord, there
To praise him above.
- 4 My thirsty soul is panting
My body almost fainting,
While praise and prayer are venting,
From my feeble tongue.
How ardent my desire,
Lord Jesus, raise me higher;
To join the holy choir,
In that immortal song.
- 5 Farewell, I'm bound for glory,
How pleasing is the story!
Those shining worlds before me
Invite me to be gone.
Had I angels' pinions,
I'd range the bright dominions,
And join the smiling millions,
Who're shouting round the throne.
- 6 The pleasing smile of Jesus,
The rapturous sound increases,
And tunes the heav'nly voices
Throughout the ethereal plains.

My flesh and spirit failing,
 My soul in transports hailing,
 Bright seraphs in their dwelling,
 I sing immortal strains.

104. C. M.

- 1 I'LL go to Jesus, though my sins
 Have like a mountain rose;
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,
 Whatever me oppose.
- 2 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
 And there my guilt confess:
 I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
 Without his sov'reign grace.
- 3 I'll to my gracious King approach,
 Whose sceptre pardon gives,
 Perhaps he may command a touch,
 And then the suppliant lives.
- 4 Perhaps he may admit my plea,
 Perhaps he'll hear my prayer,
 But if I perish, I will pray,
 And perish only there.
- 5 I can but perish if I go,
 I am resolv'd to try,
 For if I stay away, I know,
 I must for ever die.

105. C. M.

- 1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways,
 My journey I'll pursue;

Hinder me not, ye much lov'd saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where he goes:

Hinder me not; shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty and through trials too,
I'll go at his command,

Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,

"Hinder me not, come welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee."

106. C. M.

1 IN ev'ry trouble sharp and strong,
My soul to Jesus flies;

My anchor-hold is firm in him,
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comforts bear my spirits up,
I trust a faithful God,

The sure foundation of my hope,
Is in a Saviour's blood.

3 Loud hallelujah sing, my soul,
To thy Redeemer's name:

In joy and sorrow, life and death,
His love is still the same.

107. P. M.

- 1 IF life's pleasures charm thee, give them
not thy heart,
Lest the gift ensnare thee, from thy God
to part;
His favour seek, his praises speak,
Fix here thy hope's foundation;
Serve him, and he will ever be,
The Rock of thy Salvation.
- 2 If distress befall thee, painful tho' it be,
Let not grief appal thee, to thy Saviour
flee;
He ever near, thy prayer will hear,
And calm thy perturbation;
The waves of wo, shall ne'er o'erflow
The Rock of thy Salvation.
- 3 When earth's prospects fail thee, let it
not distress,
Better comforts wait thee, Christ will
freely bless;
To Jesus flee, thy prop he'll be,
Thy heavenly consolation:
For griefs below cannot o'erthrow,
The Rock of thy Salvation.
- 4 Dangers may approach thee, let them
not alarm,
Christ will ever watch thee, and protect
from harm,
He near thee stands, with mighty hands

To ward off each temptation;
 To Jesus fly, he's ever nigh,
 The Rock of thy Salvation.

5 Let not death alarm thee, shrink not from
 his blow,

For thy God shall arm thee, and victory
 bestow;

For death shall bring to thee no sting,
 The grave no desolation:

'Tis gain to die, with Jesus nigh,
 The Rock of thy Salvation.

108. L. M.

1 I LONG to see the season come,
 When sinners will come flocking home,
 To taste the riches of God's love,
 And sing his praise in realms above.

2 Hark! hear the gospel trumpet's sound,
 Inviting sinners all around;

Behold, your loving Saviour stands,
 And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 He now is knocking at your heart,
 Waiting salvation to impart;

To wash you in atoning blood,
 And seal you heirs and sons of God.

4 A few more days, and you must go
 To realms of joy, or endless wo;

In worlds above with Christ to dwell,
 Or sink beneath his frowns to hell.

5 Come, sinners all, now warning take,
And all your sinful ways forsake:
This world give o'er, leave sin behind,
In Christ you shall redemption find.

6 Take your companions by the hand,
Take all your children in a band,
And give them up at Jesu's call,
He'll pardon, bless, and save you all.

7 When the great day of Christ shall come,
And he collects his jewels home;
On Zion's mount we then shall stand,
And join the bright angelic band.

109. P. M.

1 I'M on the road to Canaan, I'll bid this
world farewell,
Come on my fellow travellers, in spite of
earth or hell,
Though Satan's army rages, and all his hosts
combine,
Yet scripture doth engage us the strength
of love divine.

2 I'll blow the silver trumpet—on all the
nations call.
For Christ has me commissioned to say he
di'd for all.
Come try his love and prove him, you shall
the gift obtain,
He will not send you empty, nor let you
come in vain.

3 And if you want a witness, we have one
close at hand,
Who lately has experienc'd the glories of
the land—

It comes in copious showers our body can't
contain,

It fills our ransom'd powers, and soon we'll
drink again.

4 The glories of that kingdom my soul
can ne'er describe,

I feel that it's within me the blood so free
applied—

O come unto my Saviour and you shall
taste his love,

'Tis sweeter than all earthly things, just
coming from above.

5 My soul looks up and sees him smile—
he now the blessing sends;

And I am thinking all the while, when will
my sorrows end—

I contemplate it won't be long, till he shall
come again,

Then I will join the heavenly throng, and
in God's kingdom reign.

6 The glories of that happy place, I've
ofttimes felt before,

But what I feel is just a taste, and makes
me long for more—

Had I the pinions of a dove, I'd fly and be
 at rest,
 Then would I soar to worlds on high and
 dwell among the just.

110. P. M.

1 I'LL sing my Saviour's grace
 And his dear name I'll praise,
 While in this land of sorrow I remain;
 My troubles soon will end,
 And my soul ascend,
 When freed from this dull clod of cum-
 b'rous clay.

2 A pilgrim here below,
 While in this vale of wo,
 I live in exile mourning like the dove;
 My days in sorrow roll,
 And my weary soul,
 With earnest longing pants to mount above.

3 Tho' few my days have been,
 Much trouble I have seen,
 And deep afflictions I have waded through;
 For thorny is the way,
 To eternal day,

Yet forward will I press and onward go.

4 On eagle's wings of love,
 Then I'll mount above,
 And find my passage safe to endless day,
 Then happy sweet surprise.
 What great new wonders rise,

When freed from this dull clod of cumb'rous clay.

5 O what a glorious sight,
And what supreme delight,
Will strike my raptur'd soul when I behold—
Fair Salem's gates I see,
Open fly to me,
And streets of glitt'ring new transparent gold.

6 Ye heavenly arches ring,
Sing Hallelujah, sing,
Hail! holy, holy, holy, bleeding lamb;
Once I was dead in sin,
But now I live again,
And glory, glory, glory to his name.

111. C. M.

- 1 INFINITE grief, amazing wo!
Behold my bleeding Lord:
Hell and the Jews conspire his death,
And us'd the Roman sword.
- 2 Oh, the sharp pangs of smarting pain,
My dear Redeemer bore,
When knotty whips and ragged thorns,
His sacred body tore.
- 3 But knotty whips and ragged thorns,
In vain do I accuse:
In vain I blame the Roman bands,
And the more spiteful Jews.

- 4 'Twere you, my sins, my cruel sins,
 His chief tormentors were;
 Each of my crimes became a nail,
 And unbelief the spear.
- 5 'Twere you that pull'd the vengeance
 down
 Upon his guiltless head;
 Break, break my heart! oh, burst mine
 eyes
 And let my sorrows bleed,
- 6 Strike, mighty grace, my flinty soul,
 'Till melting waters flow,
 And deep repentance drown mine eyes
 In undissembl'd wo.

112. L. M.

Evening.

- 1 I LAY my body down to sleep,
 Peace be to the pillow for my head,
 While well-appointed angel's keep
 Their watchful stations round my bed.
- 2 In vain the sons of earth and hell,
 Tell me a thousand frightful things,
 My God in safety makes me dwell,
 Beneath the shadow of his wings.
- 3 Faith in his name forbids my fears;
 O may thy presence ne'er depart!
 And in the morning make me hear,
 The love and kindness of thy heart.

- 4 Thus when the night of death shall come
 My flesh shall rest beneath the ground;
 And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
 With sweet salvation in the sound.

113. C. M.

- 1 I LOVE the windows of thy grace,
 Thro' which my Lord is seen;
 And long to meet my Saviour's face,
 Without a glass between.
- 2 O that the happy hour were come,
 To change my faith to sight?
 I shall behold my Lord at home,
 In a diviner light.
- 3 Haste, my beloved, and remove
 These interposing days;
 Then shall my passions all be love,
 And all my pow'rs be praise.

114. C. M.

- 1 INDULGENT Father, by whose care,
 I've pass'd another day,
 Let me this night thy mercy share,
 And teach me how to pray.
- 2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn
 My guilt before thy face;
 Direct me Lord to Christ alone,
 And save me by thy grace.
- 3 Let each returning night declare
 The tokens of thy love;

- And ev'ry hour thy grace prepare
 My soul for joys above.
- 4 And when on earth I close mine eyes,
 To sleep in death's embrace,
 Let me to heav'n and glory rise,
 T' enjoy thy smiling face.

115. C. M.

- 1 IT is the voice of love divine,
 That strikes the list'ning ear,
 That soothes his mourning follower's
 grief,
 And wipes the falling tear:
- 2 'Because I leave this world'—he cries,
 'Your weeping eyes o'erflow;
 But tho' I seek my native skies,
 My heart remains below.'
- 3 'My Spirit shall descend, and rest
 Upon each faithful head,
 Till I, your Lord, return to call
 My servants from the dead.'
- 4 He said—and lifting up his hands,
 Pronounc'd his parting prayer;
 When lo, a bright descending cloud
 Convey'd him thro' the air.
- 5 With solemn awe his followers view'd
 The splendor of the scene,
 While the unfolding gates of light
 Receiv'd the Saviour in.

6 Burning with holy zeal, they spread,
 Thro' distant lands, his word;
 And we, like them, with faith and joy
 Expect our risen Lord.

116. C. M.

- 1 IF Paul in Cæsar's court must stand,
 He need not fear the sea;
 Secur'd from harm on ev'ry hand
 Preserv'd, O Lord, by thee.
- 2 Although the ship in which he sail'd
 By dreadful storm was toss'd;
 The promise over all prevail'd,
 And not a life was lost.
- 3 Jesus! the God whom Paul ador'd,
 Who saves in time of need:
 Was then confess'd, by all on board,
 A present help indeed!
- 4 Though neither sun nor stars were seen;
 Paul knew the Lord was near;
 And faith preserv'd his soul serene,
 When others shook for fear.
- 5 Believers thus are toss'd about,
 On life's tempestuous main;
 But grace assures, beyond a doubt,
 They may their port attain.
- 6 There they shall all appear one day,
 Before their Saviour's throne;
 The storms they meet with by the way,
 But make his power known,

- 7 Their passage lies across the brink
 Of many a threat'ning wave;
 The world expects to see them sink,
 But Jesus lives to save.
- 8 Lord, tho' we are but feeble worms,
 Yet since thy word is past,
 We'll venture thro' a thousand storms,
 To see thy face at last,

117. P. M.

- 1 JESUS at thy command,
 I launch into the deep;
 And leave my native land,
 Where sin lulls all asleep;
 For thee I would the world resign,
 And sail to heav'n with thee and thine.
- 2 Thou art my pilot wise;
 My compass is thy word:
 My soul each storm defies,
 While I have such a Lord!
 I trust thy faithfulness and power
 To save me in the trying hour.
- 3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
 Through all my passage lie;
 Yet Christ will safely keep;
 And guide me with his eye;
 My anchor, hope, shall firm abide,
 And ev'ry boist'rous storm outide.
- 4 By faith I see the land,
 The port of endless rest:

My soul, thy sails expand,
And fly to Jesu's breast!

O may I reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more!

- 5 Whene'er becalm'd I lie,
And storms forbear to toss;
Be thou, dear Lord, still nigh,
Lest I should suffer loss;

For more the treacherous calm I dread,
Than tempest bursting o'er my head.

- 6 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosperous gale of grace,
Waft me from all below,
To heav'n my destin'd place!
Then in full sail, my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

118. C. M.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my labour all be o'er,
Thy joys when shall I see?
Thy gates are richly set with pearls
Most glorious to behold,
Thy walls are all of precious stones,
Thy streets are pav'd with gold.
- 2 Thy gardens and the pleasant fruits
Continually are green,
So sweet a sight by human eye,
Has never yet been seen;

If heav'n be thus, glorious Lord,
 Why must I keep from thence,
 What folly 'tis that makes me loath
 To die and go from hence?

3 Reach down, reach down thine arm of
 grace,

And cause me to ascend,
 Where congregations ne'er break up
 And sabbaths have no end,
 When wilt thou come to me, O Lord?
 O come my Lord most dear,
 Come dearest Saviour nearer still,
 I'm well when thou art near.

4 My dear Redeemer is above,
 Him will I go to see,
 And all my friends in Christ below,
 Shall soon come after me.
 Jerusalem my happy home,
 O how I long for thee,
 Then shall my labours have an end,
 When once thy joys I see.

119. I. M.

1 JESUS! and shall it ever be
 A mortal man asham'd of thee!
 Asham'd of thee whom angels praise,
 Whose glories shine thro' endles days!

2 Asham'd of Jesus! sooner far
 Let ev'ning blush to own a star;

- He sheds the beams of light divine
 O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Asham'd of Jesus! just as soon
 Let midnight be asham'd of noon;
 'Tis midnight with my soul 'till he,
 Bright morning star! bid darkness flee.
- 4 Asham'd of Jesus! that dear friend
 On whom my hopes of heav'n depend!
 No—when I blush—be this my shame
 That I no more revere his name.
- 5 Asham'd of Jesus! yes I may,
 When I've no guilt to wash away;
 No tears to wipe, no God to crave,
 No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 6 'Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 'Till then I boast a Saviour slain;
 And O may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not asham'd of me.

120. C. M.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
 'Tis music to my ear;
 Fain would I sound it out so loud
 That earth and heaven might hear,
 Yes thou art precious to my soul,
 My transport and my trust,
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys;
 And gold is sordid dust.

A Saviour! let creation sing!

- 2 O may thy grace still cheer my heart!
 And shed its fragrance there!
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,
 The cordials of its care.
 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
 With my last lab'ring breath;
 When speechless, clasp thee in my arms:
 My joy in life and death.

121. C. M.

- 1 JESUS I throw my arms around;
 And hang upon thy breast;
 Without a gracious smile from thee,
 My spirit cannot rest.
- 2 O! tell me that my worthless name
 Is graven on thy hands!
 Show me some promise in thy book,
 Where my salvation stands.
- 3 Give me some kind assuring word,
 To sink my fears again;
 And cheerfully my soul shall wait
 Her threescore years and ten.

122. L. M.

- 1 JESUS my all to heaven is gone,
 He whom I fix my hopes upon:
 His track I see, and I'll pursue
 The narrow way till him I view.
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
 The road that leads from banishment:

- The King's highway of holiness,
 I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
 And mourn'd because I found it not;
 My grief a burden long has been,
 Because I was not sav'd from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
 I felt its weight and guilt the more;
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,
 "Come hither, soul; I AM THE WAY."
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
 Shalt take me to thee whose I am;
 Nothing but sin have I to give,
 Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
 What a dear Saviour I have found,
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
 And say, "Behold the way to God!"

123. C. M.

- 1 KINDRED, and friends, and native land,
 How shall we say farewell?
 How, when, our swelling sails expand,
 How will our bosoms swell!
- 2 Yes, nature, all thy soft delights,
 And tender ties we know;
 But love, more strong than death, unites
 To him that bids us go.
- 3 Thus, when our ev'ry passion mov'd,
 The gushing tear-drop starts

- The cause of Jesus more belov'd,
 Shall glow within our hearts.
- 4 The sighs we breathe for precious souls,
 Where He is yet unknown,
 Might waft us to the distant poles,
 Or to the burning zone,
- 5 With the warm wish our bosoms swell,
 Our glowing pow'rs expand ;
 Farewell,—then we can say,—Farewell,
 Our friends, our native land !

124. P. M.

- 1 LET us love, and sing, and wonder,
 Let us praise the Saviour's name!
 He has hush'd the law's loud thunder,
 He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame:
 He has wash'd us with his blood,
 He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us love the Lord who bought us,
 Piti'd us when enemies;
 Call'd us by his grace, and taught us,
 Gave us ears, and gave us eyes:
 He has wash'd us with his blood,
 He presents our souls to God.
- 3 Let us sing, though fierce temptation
 Threatens hard to bear us down!
 For the Lord, our strong salvation,
 Holds in view the conqu'rors crown:
 He who wash'd us with his blood,
 Soon will bring us home to God.

- 4 Let us praise, and join the chorus
 Of the saints, enthron'd on high;
 Here they trusted him before us,
 Now their praises fill the sky:
 "Thou hast wash'd us with thy
 blood,
 Thou art worthy, Lamb of God?"

125. P. M.

- 1 LO ! we see the sign appearing,
 Jesus comes the Judge severe,
 Hell is trembling, earth is quaking,
 Sinners shrink with awful fear.
 Come to Judgment
 Stand your awful doom to hear,
- 2 See ! the world in flame a burning,
 Hills and mountains fly away;
 The moon in blood, the stars a flaming,
 Comets blazing through the sky,
 Thunder rolling !
 Sinners now for help do cry.
- 3 From the general conflagration,
 Mount the righteous up on high,
 Gain the hope of their salvation,
 Live with God no more to die,
 Hallelujah,
 Glory to the Lamb they cry.
- 4 Stop my soul look back and wonder,
 See the wicked left behind,
 Hear them crying, weeping, wailing,

For a moment's ease to find;
 Doom'd to sorrow,
 In the lake of hell confin'd.

126. P. M.

- 1 LIFT your heads ye friends of Jesus,
 Partners of his patience here;
 Christ to all believers precious,
 Lord of hosts shall soon appear;
 Mark the tokens,
 Of his heav'nly kingdom near.
- 2 Sun and Moon are both confounded,
 Darken'd into endless night;
 When with angel hosts surrounded,
 In his father's glory bright
 Beams the Saviour,
 Shines the everlasting light.
- 3 See the stars from heaven falling;
 Hear on earth the doleful cry,
 Men on rocks and mountains calling,
 While the frowning Judge draws nigh,
 Hide us, hide us,
 Rocks and mountains, from his eye.
- 4 Lo, 'tis he, our heart's desire,
 Come for his espous'd below !
 Come to join us with his choir,
 Come to make our joys o'erflow;
 Palms of triumph,
 Crowns of glory to bestow.

127. L. M.

- 1 LIFT up your hearts, Immanuel's friends
And taste the pleasure Jesus sends;
Let nothing cause you to delay,
But hasten on the good old way.

And I'll sing Hallelujah, &c.

- 2 Our conflicts here, though great they be,
Shall not prevent our victory;
If we but watch, and strive and pray,
Like soldiers in the good old way.
- 3 O good old way! how sweet thou art,
May none of us from thee depart,
But may our actions always say
We're marching in the good old way.
- 4 Though Satan may his powers employ,
Our happiness for to destroy,
Yet never fear, we'll gain the day,
And shout and sing the good old way.
- 5 And when on Pisgah's top we stand,
And view, by faith, the promis'd land,
Then we may sing, and shout, and pray,
And march along the good old way.
- 6 Ye valiant souls for heaven contend,
Remember glory's at the end;
Our God will wipe all tears away
When we have run the good old way.
- 7 Then far beyond this mortal shore,
We'll meet with those who've gone be-
fore,

And shout to think we've gain'd the day,
By marching in the good old way.

128. L. M.

- 1 LADEN with guilt, sinners arise,
And view your bleeding sacrifice;
Each purple drop proclaims there's room,
And bids the poor and needy come.
- 2 Beneath your crimes the victim stood,
Sign'd your acquittances in blood,
Hereby stern justice is pleas'd;
Sinners look up and be releas'd.
- 3 Mercy, truth, peace, and righteousness,
Beam from the Reconciler's face;
Here look, till love dissolve your heart,
And bid your slavish fears depart.
- 4 O quit the world's delusive charms,
And quickly fly to Jesu's arms;
Wrestle until your God is known,
Till you can call the Lord your own.

129. C. M.

- 1 LORD, at thy feet in dust I lie,
And knock at mercy's door;
With humble heart and weeping eye,
Thy favor I implore.
- 2 On me, O Lord, do thou display
Thy rich, forgiving love;
O take my heinous guilt away,
This heavy load remove.

- 3 Without thy grace, I sink oppresst
 Down to the gates of hell;
 O give my troubled spirit rest,
 And all my fears dispel.
- 4 'Tis mercy, mercy, I implore,
 O may thy bowels move:
 Thy grace is an exhaustless store,
 And thou thyself art love.
- 5 Should I at last in heaven appear,
 To join thy saints above;
 I'll shout that mercy brought me there,
 And sing thy bleeding love.

130. P. M.

- 1 "MERCY, O thou son of David!"
 Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd;
 Others by thy word are saved,
 Now to me afford thine aid:
 Many for his crying chid him,
 But he call'd the louder still;
 Till the gracious Saviour bid him
 "Come, and ask me what you will."
- 2 Money was not what he wanted,
 Though by begging us'd to live;
 But he ask'd, and Jesus granted
 Alms, which none but he could give;
 "Lord remove this grievous blindness,
 Let my eyes behold the day;"
 Straight he saw, and won by kindness,
 Follow'd Jesus in the way.

- 3 Now methinks I hear him praising,
 Publishing to all around;
 "Friends, is not my case amazing?
 What a Saviour I have found:
 Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
 And would be advis'd by me!
 Surely, would they hasten to him,
 He would cause them all to see!"

131. C. M.

- 1 MY span of life will soon be done,
 The passing moments say ;
 As length'ning shadows o'er the mead,
 Proclaim the close of day.
 O that my heart might dwell aloof,
 From all created things,
 And learn that wisdom from above,
 Whence true contentment springs !
 2 Courage, my soul, thy bitter cross,
 In ev'ry trial here,
 Shall bear thee to thy heav'n above,
 But shall not enter there.
 The sighing ones that humbly seek
 In sorrowing paths below,
 Shall in eternity rejoice,
 Where endless comforts flow.
 3 Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er,
 Of sublunary care,
 And life's dull vanities no more
 This anxious breast ensnare.

Courage, my soul, on God rely,
 Deliv'rance soon will come,
 A thousand ways has Providence,
 To bring believers home.

132. 8s.

- 1 MY gracious Redeemer I love !
 His praises aloud I'll proclaim,
 And join with the armies above,
 To shout his adorable name.
- 2 To gaze on his glories divine,
 Shall be my eternal employ,
 And feel them incessantly shine,
 My boundless ineffable joy.
- 3 He freely redeem'd with his blood,
 My soul from the confines of hell,
 To live on the smiles of my God,
 And in his sweet presence to dwell.
- 4 Ye palaces, sceptres, and crowns,
 Your pride with disdain I survey;
 Your pomps are but shadows and sounds,
 And pass in a moment away.
- 5 The crown that my Saviour bestows,
 Yon permanent sun shall outshine;
 My joy everlastingly flows—
 My God, my Redeemer, is mine.

134. 7's.

- 1 MARY to her Saviour's tomb
 Hasted at the early dawn;

Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she lov'd was gone.

For awhile she weeping stood,
Struck with horror and surprise;
Shedding tears, a plenteous flood;
For her heart suppli'd her eyes.

2 Jesus, who is always near,
Though too often unperceiv'd;
Came, his drooping child to cheer,
Kindly asking why she griev'd?
Though at first she knew him not,
When he call'd her by her name,
Then her griefs were all forgot,
For she found he was the same.

3 Grief and sighing quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice;
Just before she thought him dead,
Now he bids her heart rejoice;
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
You who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

4 He who came to comfort her,
When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your relief appear,
Though you now are tempest-toss'd:
On his word your burden cast,
On his love your thoughts employ;
Weeping for a while may last,
But the morning brings the joy.

134. L. M.

- 1 MY hope, my all, my Saviour thou,
To thee, lo, now my soul I bow;
I feel the bliss thy wounds impart,
I find thee, Saviour, in my heart.
- 2 Be thou my strength, be thou my way,
Protect me through my life's short day:
In all my acts may wisdom guide,
And keep me, Saviour, near thy side.
- 3 Correct, reprove, and comfort me;
As I have need, my Saviour be:
And if I would from thee depart,
Then clasp me, Saviour, to thy heart.
- 4 In fierce temptation's darkest hour,
Save me from sin and Satan's power;
Tear every idol from thy throne,
And reign, my Saviour, reign alone.
- 5 My suffering time shall soon be o'er,
Then shall I sigh and weep no more;
My ransom'd soul shall soar away,
To sing thy praise in endless day.

136. C. M.

- 1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthron'd
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crown'd,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;

Fairer is He than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

- 3 He saw me plung'd in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me He bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

136. C. M.

- 1 MY soul doth magnify the Lord,
My spirit doth rejoice;
In God, my Saviour, and my God;
I hear his joyful voice.
- 2 I need not go abroad for joy,
Who have a feast at home;
My sighs are turned into songs,—
The Comforter is come.
- 3 Down from on high, the blessed Dove
Is come into my breast;
To witness God's eternal love;
This is my heav'nly feast.
- 4 There is a stream that issues forth
From God's eternal throne,
And from the Lamb, a living stream,
Clear as the crystal stone.
- 5 That stream doth water paradise;
It makes the angels sing;

One cordial drop revives my heart,
Hence all my joys do spring.

137. C. M.

- 1 MY soul would fain indulge a hope
To reach the heavenly shore;
And when I drop this dying flesh,
That I shall grieve no more.
- 2 I hope to hear, and join the song,
That saints and angels raise;
And while eternal ages roll,
To sing eternal praise.
- 3 But Oh—this dreadful heart of sin!
It may deceive me still;
And while I look for joys above,
May plunge me down to hell.
- 4 The scene must then forever close,
Probation at an end;
No gospel grace can reach me there,
No pardon there descend.
- 5 Come then, O blessed Jesus, come,
To me thy Spirit give;
Shine thro' a dark, benighted soul,
And bid a sinner live.

138. 7 & 6.

- 1 MY loving fellow travellers,
Who are for Canaan bound,
Let's raise a song for Jesus,
Make hills and vallies sound;

- Tho' troubles do beset us
While in this barren place,
Yet Jesus will be with us,
And keep us by his grace.
- 2 By love unto our Jesus,
And to our brethren dear,
We'll strengthen one another
And feel each other's care,
Press forward on our journey,
Keep Zion still in view,
In spite of all opposers
The Lord will bring us through.
- 3 Jesus beholds from heaven,
Your labor and your pain;
Press on, ye valiant soldiers,
The crown you soon shall gain.
Jesus is now in glory,
His soldiers there shall meet,
We shall know one another,
Our joys shall be complete.
- 4 Our warfare's nearer over,
Than when we last did meet;
Who next shall leave the army,
To walk the golden street?
No matter which, my brethren,
If Jesus give the call,
If I'm the next poor pilgrim,
With Christ I'll leave you all.
- 5 Let's join to sing his praises,
Lest we should meet no more,

Till Jesus lands his army,
 On Canaan's happy shore;
 Sing glory hallelujah,
 Sweet Jesus quickly come,
 Prepare us for thy glory,
 And take thy servants home.

139. L. M.

- 1 MY God was with me all the night,
 And gave me sweet repose;
 His angels watch'd me while I slept,
 Or I had never rose.
- 2 Now, for the mercies of the night,
 My humble thanks I'll pay;
 And unto God I'll dedicate
 The first fruits of the day.
- 3 In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
 Thy goodness I'll adore;
 And praise thee for thy mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.
- 4 My life, if thou preserve my life,
 Thy sacrifice shall be;
 My death, when death shall be my lot,
 Shall join my soul to thee.

140. L. M.

- 1 NOW in a song of grateful praise,
 To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise,
 With all the saints I'll join to tell
 My Jesus has done all things well.

- 2 All worlds his glorious power confess;
His wisdom all his works express;
But, O his love? what tongue can tell,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 3 I spurn'd his grace—I broke his laws,
But yet he undertook my cause,
To save me though I did rebel;
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 4 At last my soul has known his love;
What mercy has he made me prove!
Mercy which does all praise excel;
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 5 If e'er my Saviour and my God
Did on me lay his chast'ning rod,
I knew whatever me befel,
My Jesus would do all things well.
- 6 Though many a fiery flaming dart
Be aim'd to wound me to the heart;
With this I all their rage expel,
My Jesus has done all things well.
- 7 Soon I shall pass the veil of death,
And in his arms resign my breath;
Then, then my happy soul shall tell,
My Jesus hath done all things well.
- 8 And when to that bright world I rise,
And join sweet seraphs in the skies;
Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus has done all things well.

141. L. M.

- 1 NOW let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.
- 2 Born by a new celestial birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at transitory toys,
So near to heaven's eternal joys?
Shall aught beguile us on the road,
When we are walking back to God?
For, strangers, into life we come,
And dying is but going home.
- 4 Welcome, sweet hour of full discharge,
That sets our longing souls at large;
Unbinds our chains, breaks up our cell,
And gives us with our God to dwell.
- 5 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heav'n enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heav'n below.

142. 7's.

- 1 NOW the shades of night are gone;
Now the morning light is come;
Lord, may I be thine to-day—
Drive the shades of sin away.
- 2 Fill my soul with heav'nly light,
Banish doubt, and cleanse my sight;

- In thy service, Lord to-day,
 Help me labor, help me pray.
- 3 Keep my haughty passions bound—
 Save me from my foes around;
 Going out and coming in,
 Keep me safe from ev'ry sin.
- 4 When my work of life is past,
 Oh! receive me then at last!
 Night of sin will be no more,
 When I reach the heav'nly shore.

143. C. M.

- 1 NOW is the time, th' accepted hour,
 O sinners, come away;
 The Saviour's knocking at your door,
 Arise without delay.
- 2 Oh! don't refuse to give him room,
 Lest mercy should withdraw;
 He'll then in robes of vengeance come
 To execute his law.
- 3 Then where, poor mortals, will you be,
 If destitute of grace,
 When you your injur'd Judge shall see,
 And stand before his face.
- 4 Oh! could you shun that dreadful sight,
 How would you wish to fly
 To the dark shades of endless night,
 From that all searching eye?
- 5 The dead awak'd must all appear,
 And you among them stand,

Before the great impartial bar,
Arraign'd at Christ's left hand.

- 6 Let not these warnings be in vain,
But lend a list'ning ear;
Lest you should meet them all again,
When wrapt in keen despair.

144. P. M.

- 1 NIGHT and day I vent my sigh,
Languishing to see my Saviour,
With warm heart and wond'ring eye,
I view my dying Lord for ever,
Here I always would abide,
O this I choose and nought beside.
- 2 Like the widow'd turtle dove,
I, dear lovely Lamb, mourn for thee
Pants my soul thy love to prove,
Crying O my God restore me
To thy presence sweet and fair,
O how I long to meet thee there.
- 3 Every moment seems an age,
Till thy presence shall relieve me,
Till thy grace my woes assuage,
And thy absence no more grieve me;
Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb,
O how thy presence feeds the flame.
- 4 O'er the hills I see him come,
Quick as darts the piercing lightning,
Scattered o'er the horrid gloom:
All thy joys are quick and brightning.

Welcome, welcome, bleeding Lamb,
O how I love thy dearest name.

147. C. M.

- 1 NOT life nor all the toys of art,
Nor pleasure's flow'ry road,
Can to my soul such bliss impart
As fellowship with God.
- 2 Not health nor friendship here below,
Nor wealth, that golden load,
Can such delights and comforts show
As fellowship with God.
- 3 When I in love am made to bear
Affliction's needful rod,
Light, sweet, and kind the strokes appear,
Through fellowship with God.
- 4 In fierce temptation's fiery blast,
And dark distraction's road,
I'm happy, if I can but taste
Some fellowship with God.
- 5 And when the icy arms of death,
Shall chill my flowing blood,
With joy I'll yield my latest breath;
In fellowship with God.
- 6 When I at last to heav'n ascend,
And gain that blest abode:
There an eternity I'll spend
In fellowship with God.

148. L. M.

- 1 O GOD my heart with love inflame,
That I may in thy holy name,
Aloud in songs of praise rejoice,
While I have breath to raise my voice:
Then will I shout, then will I sing,
And make the heav'nly arches ring:
I'll sing and shout for evermore
On that eternal happy shore.
- 2 O! Jesus, hope of glory, come,
And make my heart thy humble home;
For the short remnant of my days,
I want to sing and shout thy praise;
I want to pray, and never cease,
And live rejoicing in thy peace,
And to give thanks in ev'ry thing,
And sing and shout, and shout and sing.
- 3 When on my dying bed I lay,
Lord give me strength to shout and pray,
And praise thee with my latest breath,
Until my voice is lost in death:
Then sisters, brothers, shouting come,
My body follow to the tomb,
And as you march the solemn road,
Sing loud, and shout the praise of God.
- 4 Then you below, and I above,
We'll sing and shout the God we love,

Until that great and awful day,
When Christ shall call our slumb'ring
clay;

Then from our dusty beds we'll spring,
And shout "O Death where is thy sting?
"O Grave where is thy victory?"
We'll shout to all eternity.

- 5 Our race is run, we've gain'd the prize,
"Well done!" the sovereign of the skies
Will smiling to his children say,
"Come reign with me in endless day,"
Then on that happy, happy shore,
We'll sing and shout, for evermore;
We'll sing and shout, and shout and sing,
And make all heav'n with praises ring.

149. P. M.

- 1 O WHEN shall I see Jesus,
And reign with him above,
And drink the flowing fountains
Of everlasting love.
When shall I be deliver'd,
From this vain world of sin,
And with my blessed Jesus
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And bid me not to fear,
And if I hold out faithful,

A crown of life he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace, I am determin'd
 To conquer though I die,
 And then away to Jesus,
 On wings of love I'll fly:
 Farewell to sin and sorrow,
 I bid them all adieu,
 And you my friends, prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.

4 And if you meet with troubles,
 And trials on the way,
 Then cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray.
 Gird on the heavenly armour
 Of faith, and hope, and love,
 And when your race is ended,
 You'll reign with him above.

5 O do not be discourag'd,
 For Jesus is your friend,
 And if you lack for knowledge,
 He'll not refuse to lend:
 Neither will he upbraid you,
 Though often you request;
 He'll give you grace to conquer,
 And take you home to rest.

150. P. M.

1 O THOU in whose presence my soul
takes delight,

On whom in affliction I call;

My comfort by day, and my song in the
night,

My hope my salvation, my all.

Where dost thou in noon-tide resort with
thy sheep

To feed on the pasture of love?

For why in the valley of death shall I weep
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

2 O why should I wander an alien from
thee,

And cry in the desert for bread!

Thy foes will rejoice, when my sorrows
they see,

And smile at the tears I have shed.

Ye daughters of Zion, declare have ye seen
The Star that on Israel shone?

Say, if in your tents my beloved has been,
And where with his flocks he is gone?

3 This is my beloved, his form is divine,
His vestment sheds odours around;

The locks on his head are as grapes on the
vine,

When autumn with plenty is crown'd,
The roses of Sharon, the lillies that grow;
In the vales on the banks of the streams,

On his cheeks, in the beauty of excellence
blow—

And his eyes are as quivers of beams!

4 His voice as the sound of the dulcimer
sweet,

Is heard through the shadows of death;
The cedars of Lebanon bow at his feet,

The air is perfum'd with his breath.

His lips as a fountain of righteousness
flow,

That waters the garden of grace;
From which their salvation the Gentiles
shall know,

And bask in the smiles of his face.

5 Love sits in his eye-lids, and scatters
delight

Through all the bright mansions on high;
Their faces the cherubim veil in his sight,

And tremble with fulness of joy.

He looks and ten thousand of angels re-
joice,

And myriads wait for his word;

He speaks—and eternity fill'd with his
voice,

Re-echoes the praise of her Lord.

151. P. M.

1 OH! how I have long'd for the coming
of God,

And sought him by praying and searching
his word;

With watching and fasting my soul was oppress'd

Nor would I give over till Jesus had bless'd.

2 The tokens of mercy at length did appear;

According to promise he answer'd my pray'r,

And glory is open'd in floods on my soul,
Salvation from Zion's beginning to roll.

3 The news of his mercy is spreading abroad,

And sinners come crying and weeping
to God,

Their mourning and praying is heard very loud,

And many find favour thro' Jesus's blood.

4 Here're more my dear Saviour who fall
at thy feet,

Oppress'd by a burden enormously great;
O raise them my Jesus to tell of thy love,

And shout hallelujahs with angels above.

5 I'll sing and I'll shout, and I'll shout and
I'll sing.

O God make the nations with praises to ring,
With loud acclamations of Jesus's love,

And carry us all to the city above.

6 We'll wait for thy chariot, it seems to
draw near,
O come my dear Saviour let glory appear,
We long to be singing and shouting above,
With angels o'erwhelmed in Jesus's love.

152. P. M.

- 1 O JESUS, my Saviour, to thee I submit,
With love and thanksgiving, fall down at
thy feet,
The sacrifice offer, my soul, flesh, and
blood,
To thee my Redeemer, my Lord, and my
God.
- 2 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee my
Lord,
I love thee my Saviour, I trust in thy
word,
I love thee, I love thee, and that thou
dost know,
But how much I love thee I never can
show.
- 3 I'm happy, I'm happy, O wondrous ac-
count,
My joys are immortal, I stand on the
mount,
I gaze on my treasure, and long to be
there,
With angels my kindred, and Jesus my
dear.

4 O Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am blest,
My life and my treasure, my joy and my
rest

Thy grace be my theme, and thy name
be my song,

Thy love doth inspire both my heart and
my tongue.

5 O who is like Jesus? he is Salem's bright
king,

He smiles and he loves me, and learns
me to sing;

I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with notes
loud and shrill,

While rivers of pleasure my spirit doth
fill.

153. L. M.

1 OH! give me, Lord, my sins to mourn,
My sins which have thy body torn;
Give me, with broken heart, to see
Thy last tremendous agony.

2 Oh could I gain the mountain's height,
And gaze upon the wondrous sight:
O that with Salem's daughters, I
Could stand and see my Saviour die.

3 I'd hang around his feet, and cry,
Lord, save a soul condemn'd to die;
And let a wretch come near thy throne,
To plead the merits of thy Son.

4 Father of mercy, drop thy frown,
And give me shelter in thy Son;

And with my broken heart comply
O give me Jesus or I die.

5 O Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
If thou wilt ease me of my guilt;
Good Lord, in mercy hear me cry,
O save me Jesus or I die.

6 O save my soul from gaping hell,
Or else with devils I must dwell:
Oh, might I enter, now I'm come,
Lord Jesus save me or I'm gone.

154. P. M.

1 O JESUS, my Saviour, I know thou art
mine,
For thee all the pleasures of earth I re-
sign,

Thou art my rich treasure, my joy, and my
love,
Nothing richer possess'd by the angels
above.

2 Thy spirit first taught me to know I was
blind,
'Then taught me the way of salvation to
find;

And when I was sinking in gloomy despair,
My Jesus reliev'd me and bid me not fear.

3 In vain I attempt to describe what I feel,
The language of mortals here ever must
fail:

My Jesus is precious, my soul's in a flame,
I am rais'd into raptures while praising
his name.

4 I find him in singing, he is present in
prayer,

In sweet meditation he always is near;
My constant companion, may we never part,
All glory to Jesus, he dwells in my heart.

5 If ever I lov'd thee, 'tis now my dear
Lord,

I love all thy children, thy ways and thy
word;

I love all creation, I love sinners too,
Since Jesus has died to redeem them
from wo.

6 When happy in Jesus, I cannot forbear,
Though sinners despise me, his love to
declare;

His love overwhelms me, had I wings I
would fly,

And praise him in mansions of glory on
high.

155. 11s.

1 O ZION, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no
man can save,

Surrounded with troubles, with terror
dismay'd,

With toiling and rowing thy strength is
decay'd.

Loud roaring the billows, now night
thee overwhelm,

But skilful the pilot that sits at the helm;
His wisdom conducts thee, his power
shall defend,

'Tis he, all victorious, thy warfare shall
end.

O fearful, O faithless, in mercy he cries,
What though high the surges to affright
thee arise;

Still, still I am with thee, my promise
shall stand,

Through tossings and tempests I'll bring
thee to land.

Forget thee I will not, I care for thy
name,

Engrav'd on my heart, it shall ever re-
main.

The palms of my hands, when I look on
I see,

The wounds I receiv'd when I suffered
for thee.

The day of eternal salvation draws near,
When Jesus our leader will dry every
tear,

Our bodies and souls shall his glory par-
take,

When the trumpet shall sound, and the
nations awake.

Fight on, ye old soldiers, you'll soon be
discharg'd,

The war will be ended, your treasure
enlarg'd,

With singing and shouting, though Jor-
dan may roar;

We'll enter fair Canaan, and stand on the
shore.

156. P. M.

- 1 O HEARKEN! sinners we have cause
To warn you of your danger;
We pray be reconcil'd to him
Who once lay in a manger.

Ho! every one that thirsts, &c.

- 2 Come all ye humble, weeping souls,
Who long to be forgiv'n,
We bring glad tidings unto you,
From the good Lord of heav'n.
- 3 There is a fountain deep and wide,
For sin and all uncleanness,
Come drink and wash, and be made
white,
And prove the gospel fulness.
- 4 Oh! see the crowd that's trav'ling on,
In paths of self-denial,
They march along the banks of love,
And long for your arrival.

- 5 Shall unbelief debar you from
 The knowledge of your Saviour?
 Believe and you'll be justified,—
 Believe and live for ever.
- 6 I'm not surpris'd that saints do sing,
 Or angels shout and wonder,
 I would sing glory if I could,
 As loud as mighty thunder.
- 7 My night of sin and grief is gone,
 My soul is fill'd with glory,
 Oh! for a thousand tongues to tell
 Love's animating story.
- 8 Let heav'n and earth with me unite,
 And sing and shout hosannah,
 The Lord has pardon'd all my sins,
 And fill'd my soul with manna.

157. P. M.

- 1 O HOW charming, O how charming,
 Is the radiant band of music, music, music,
 music, music,
 O how charming, is the radiant band
 Of music playing through the air:
 Angelic armies tune their harps,
 Enraptured spirits play their parts,
 Shout, shout, the great Messiah's come
 Angelic armies tune their harps, [to reign.
- 2 Gabriel descending, Gabriel descending,
 Brings the joyful news, O joyful, joyful,
 joyful, joyful,

Brings the joyful news of our Redeemer's
birth,

The great Messiah's come to earth:
Good will to men I now proclaim,
The Saviour's born in Bethlehem,
Good will to men I now proclaim,
Shout, shout, the King of glory's come
to reign.

3 See his star arising, see his star arising!
In the eastern sky, now rising, rising,
rising, rising,

See his star arising in the eastern sky,
The day-spring opening from on high.
The types and shadows flee away,
And now begins the gospel day,
The types and shadows flee away,
Shout, shout! the King of glory's come
to reign.

4 Shepherds adore him, wise men have
found him,
Glory be to God, O glory, glory, glory,
glory,

Wise men have found him by the rising
star,

And come to worship from afar,
Their golden gifts they now present,
And spices of the sweetest scent,
Their golden gifts they now present,

Shout, shout! the King of glory's come
to reign.

5 I am happy, I am happy, [glory,
Glory be to God, O glory, glory, glory,
I am happy, glory be to God,

My soul's on flame for the realms above,
I feel the bliss his wounds impart,
I find my Saviour in my heart,
I feel the bliss his wounds impart,

Shout, shout! the King of glory's come
to reign.

6 Reign, reign, sweet Jesus, reign within
and round us,

By the Holy Spirit, holy, holy, holy, holy,
By the holy Spirit keep us in the way,

That we may shout as we sing and pray:

With all the saints that have gone home,
Unite to sing redeeming love,

With all the saints that have gone home,
To sing, hallelujahs around the throne.

158. P. M.

1 O THERE will be mourning
At the judgment seat of Christ;
Parents and children there shall part,
Shall part to meet no more.

2 O there will be mourning
At the judgment seat of Christ;
Brothers and sisters there shall part,
Shall part to meet no more.

159. P. M.

- 1 O THERE will be praising
At the judgment seat of Christ;
Brothers and sisters there shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more.
- 2 O there will be shouting
At the judgment seat of Christ;
Brothers and sisters there shall meet,
Shall meet to part no more.

160. C. M.

- 1 ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye,
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
O the transporting rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight?
- 2 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow,
There rocks, and hills, and brooks, and
vale,
With milk and honey flow.
All o'er those wide extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.
- 3 No chilling winds, nor pois'nous breath,
Can reach that healthful shore;

Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and fear'd no more.

When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?

When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

4 Fill'd with delight, my raptur'd soul,
Would here no longer stay!

Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

There on those high and flow'ry plains,
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;

But in perpetual joyful strains,
Redeeming love admire.

161. L. M.

1 O HAPPY day, that fix'd my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!

Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 'Tis done: the great transaction's done:
I am my Lord's, and he is mine:

He drew me, and I follow'd on,
Charm'd to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest my long-divided heart,
Fix'd on this blissful centre rest;

With ashes who would grudge to part,
When call'd on angel's bread to feast?

4 High heav'n, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renew'd shall daily hear;
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

162. P. M.

1 O HAD I the wings of a dove,
 I'd make my escape, and begone:
 I'd mix with the spirits above,
 Who encompass yon heav'nly throne,
 I'd fly from all labour and toil,
 To the place where the weary have rest:
 I'd haste from contention and broil,
 To the peaceful abode of the blest.

2 How happy are they who no more,
 Have to fear the assaults of the foe!
 Arriv'd on the heav'nly shore;
 They have left all their conflicts below.
 They are far from all danger and fear;
 While remembrance enhances their joys;
 As the storm when escap'd will endear,
 The retreat that the haven supplies.

163. L. M.

1 O! HAPPY day, when saints shall meet
 To part no more—the thought is sweet;
 No more to feel the rending smart,
 Oft felt below, when Christians part.

2 O happy place I still must say,
 Where all but love is done away;

All cause of parting there is past;
 Their social feast will ever last.

- 3 Such Union here is sought in vain,
 As there, in ev'ry heart, will reign
 There separations can't compel
 The saints to bid the sad farewell.
- 4 On earth, when friends together meet,
 And find the passing moments sweet;
 Time's rapid motions soon compel,
 With grief to say—dear friends, farewell.
- 5 The shepherd feels the smarting shock,
 Of parting from his weeping flock;
 His feelings for them, none can tell,
 When forced to say—my friends, fare-
 well.
- 6 The happy season soon will come,
 When saints shall meet in heav'n, their
 home
 Eternally with Christ to dwell,
 Nor ever hear the sound, farewell.

164. C. M.

- 1 OUR country is Immanuel's ground,
 We seek that promis'd soil:
 The songs of Zion cheer our hearts,
 While strangers here we toil.
- 2 Oft do our eyes with joy o'erflow,
 And oft are bath'd in tears;
 Yet nought but heav'n our hopes can raise,
 And nought but sin our fears.

- 3 Our pow'rs are oft dissolv'd away
 In ecstasies of love;
 And while our bodies wander here;
 Our souls are fix'd above.
- 4 We purge our mortal dross away,
 Refining as we run;
 But while we die to earth and sense,
 Our heav'n is here begun.

165. L. M.

- 1 O THAT my load of sin were gone,
 O that I could at last submit,
 At Jesu's feet to lay it down!
 To lay my soul at Jesu's feet!
- 2 Rest for my soul I long to find:
 Saviour of all if mine thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind
 And stamp thine image on my heart,
- 3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
 And fully set my spirit free;
 I cannot rest till pure within,
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.
- 4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
 Thy light and easy burden prove,
 The cross all stain'd with hallow'd bloo
 The labour of thy dying love.
- 5 I would, but thou must give the power
 My heart from every sin release;
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with thy perfect peace.

6 Come, Lord, the drooping sinner cheer,
 Nor let thy chariot wheels delay:
 Appear in my poor heart appear;
 My God, my Saviour come away!

166. C. M.

- 1 O What amazing words of grace
 Are in the gospel found!
 Suited to ev'ry sinner's case,
 Who know the joyful sound.
- 2 Poor sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
 Are freely welcome here;
 Salvation, like a river, rolls,
 Abundant, free and clear.
- 3 Come then, with all your wants and
 wounds,
 Your ev'ry burden bring!
 Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
 A deep celestial spring!
- 4 Whoever will, (O gracious word!)
 Shall of this stream partake;
 Come thirsty souls and bless the Lord,
 And drink for Jesu's sake!
- 5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
 Have here found life and peace;
 Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
 And drink, adore, and bless.

167. C. M.

- 1 ONE evening pensive as I lay,
 Alone upon the ground,
 As I to God began to pray,
 A light shone all around:
 These words with pow'r went through my
 heart,
 "I've come to set thee free,
 Death, hell, nor grave shall never part,
 My love, my son, from thee."
- 2 My dungeon shook, my chains flew off,
 "Glory to God," I cried,
 My soul was fill'd, I cried "enough,
 For me the Saviour di'd.
 The winter's past, the rain is gone,
 Sweet flowers now appear,
 The morning brought a glorious sun,
 And banish'd every tear."
- 3 Hail mighty Prince, eternal Lord,
 Who left the heav'nly throne,
 Eternal truth attends thy word,
 Thou art the Father's Son.
 When on the brink of hell I lay,
 Enclos'd in blackest night,
 Thou Lord didst hear the sinner pray,
 And brought my soul to light.
- 4 You who are grov'ling in your chains,
 Without one spark of hope,
 Though inexpressible your pains,
 O still be looking up.

Tho' winds may blow, and storms may rise,
 A dark and gloomy night,
 The morning sun will clear the skies,
 With sweet prevailing light.

168. C. M.

OUR journey is a thorny maze,
 But we march upward still;
 Forget the troubles of the ways,
 That reach to Zion's hill.
 See the kind angels at the gates,
 Inviting us to come;
 There Jesus the forerunner waits
 To welcome trav'lers home.
 There on a green and flow'ry mount,
 Our weary souls shall sit,
 And with transporting joys recount
 The labours of our feet.
 No vain discourse shall fill our tongue,
 Nor trifles vex our ear;
 Infinite grace shall fill our song,
 And God rejoice to hear.
 Eternal glories to the King
 That brought us safely through:
 Our tongues shall never cease to sing—
 And endless praise renew.

169. P. M.

O! WHAT madness! O! what folly,
 That my heart should go astray;
 After vain and foolish trifles,
 Trifles only of a day:

- 2 This vain world with all its pleasures,
 Very soon will be no more;
 There's no object worth admiring,
 But the God whom we adore.
- 3 See the happy spirits waiting,
 On the banks beyond the stream,
 Sweet responders still repeating,
 Jesus, Jesus, is their theme:
- 4 Hark! they whisper, lo! they call me,
 Sister spirit come away;
 Lo! I come, earth can't contain me,
 Hail the realms of endless day.
- 5 Swiftly roll ye ling'ring hours,
 Seraphs lend your glitt'ring wings,
 Love absolves my ransom'd powers,
 Heavenly sounds around me rings,
- 6 Worlds of light and crowns of glory,
 Far above yon azure sky;
 Thus by faith I now behold you;
 I'll enjoy you soon on high.

170. C. M.

- 1 O FOR a breeze of heavenly love,
 To waft my soul away
 To the celestial world above,
 Where pleasures ne'er decay.
- 2 Eternal Spirit deign to be
 My pilot here below,
 To steer through life's tempestuous sea,
 Where stormy winds do blow.

- 3 From rocks of pride on either hand,
 From quicksands of despair;
 O guide me safe to Canaan's land,
 Through ev'ry latent snare.
- 4 Anchor me in that port above,
 On that celestial shore,
 Where dashing billows never move,
 Where tempests never roar.

170. 8s.

- 1 OH! why this disconsolate frame?
 Tho' earthly enjoyments decay,
 My Jesus is ever the same,
 A Sun in the gloomiest day:
 Tho' molten awhile in the fire,
 'Tis only the gold to refine;
 And be it my simple desire
 Tho' suffering, not to repine.
- 2 What can be the pleasures to me,
 Which earth in its fulness can boast?
 Delusive, its vanities flee,
 A flash of enjoyment at most:
 And if the Redeemer could part
 For me, with his throne in the skies,
 Ah! why is so dear to my heart,
 What he in his wisdom denies?
- 3 Then let the rude tempest assail,
 The blast of adversity blow,
 The haven, tho' distant, I hail,
 Beyond this rough ocean of wo:

When safe on its beautiful strand,
 I'll smile on the billows that foam,
 Kind angels to hail me to land.
 And Jesus to welcome me home.

172. P. M.

- 1 O TELL me no more
 Of this world's vain store,
 The time for such trifles with me now is
 A country I've found [o'er;
 Where true joys abound, [ground.
 To dwell I'm determin'd on that happy
- 2 The souls that believe,
 In paradise live,
 And me in that number will Jesus receive,
 My soul don't delay,
 He calls thee away, [glad day.
 Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the
- 3 No mortal doth know
 That he can bestow, [ter him, go;
 That light strength and comfort—go af-
 Lo, onward I move
 To a country above; [will prove.
 None guesses how wondrous my journey
- 4 Great spoils I shall win,
 From death, hell and sin,
 'Midst outward afflictions, I feel Christ
 And when I'm to die, [within:
 Receive me, I'll cry,
 For Jesus has lov'd me, I cannot tell why.

5 But this I do find,
 We two are so join'd, [behind,
 He'll not live in glory and leave me
 So this is the race,
 I'm running, thro' grace, face.
 Henceforth till admitted to see my Lord's

173. P. M.

1 ONCE more, my dear brethren, I'll bid
 you farewell,
 Be sure follow Jesus that redeem'd you
 from hell;
 On the top of mount Calvary he was nail'd
 to the wood,
 From the spear and the nail points came
 water and blood.

2 The work it is finish'd, that he came
 to do,
 The way of salvation is open for you;
 The way it is open that leads unto God,
 You may safely walk in it, its mark'd out
 with blood.

3 Perhaps here are mourners who're come
 here to-day;
 That have a desire that Christians should
 pray;
 We will pray for you mourners, come make
 yourselves known,
 And trust in a Saviour, he'll answer his own.

- 4 If you will prove faithful to your blessed
 Lord,
 Then his love and glory shall be your re-
 ward;
 The song of salvation you then shall sing
 loud,
 When Jesus and angels come on a bright
 cloud.
- 5 He'll call home his faithful, the price of
 his blood,
 The heirs of his glory, and children of God;
 We'll all meet together on Canaan's bright
 shore,
 Where weeping and sorrow are heard of
 no more.

174. P. M.

- 1 OUR conquering Lord
 Hath prosper'd his word;
 Hath made it prevail,
 And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.
 His arm he hath bar'd
 And a people prepar'd
 His glory to shew,
 And witness the power of his passion
 below.
- 2 He hath open'd a door
 To the penitent poor,
 And rescu'd from sin,
 And admitted penitent publicans in:

They have heard the glad sound,
 They have liberty found
 Thro' the blood of the Lamb,
 And plentiful pardon in Jesus's name.

3 The opposers admire
 The hammer and fire,
 Which all things o'ercomes,
 And breaks the hard rocks, and the
 mountains consumes.
 With quiet amaze
 They listen and gaze,
 And their weapons resign,
 Constrain'd to acknowledge---the work
 is divine!

4 And shall we not sing
 Our Saviour and King?
 The witnesses, we
 With rapture ascribe our salvation to
 thee.
 Thou Jesus hast bless'd,
 And believers increas'd,
 Who thankfully own
 We are freely forgiven thro' mercy alone.

5 Thy spirit revives
 His work in our lives,
 His wonders of grace,
 So mightily wrought in the primitive
 days.

O that all men might know
 Thy tokens below,
 Our Saviour confess,
 And embrace the glad tidings of pardon
 and peace.

6 Our heathenish land,
 Beneath thy command
 In mercy receive,
 And make us a pattern to all that believe:
 Then, then let it spread
 Thy knowledge and dread,
 'Till the earth is o'erflow'd,
 And the universe fill'd with the glory of God

174. C. M.

1 OUR souls by love together knit
 Cemented, mix'd in one;
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one
 voice,
 'Tis heaven on earth begun:
 Our hearts have burn'd while Jesus
 spoke,
 And glow'd with sacred fire,
 He stopp'd, and talked, and fed, and
 And fill'd the enlarg'd desire. [blessed,

2 The little cloud increases still,
 The heav'ns are big with rain;
 We haste to catch the teeming show'r,
 And wash away our stain:

A rill, a stream, a torrent flows,
 But pour a mighty flood;
 O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
 Till all proclaim thee God.
 3 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
 And sett'st thy starry crown,
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
 Proclaim'd by thee thy own;
 May we, a little band of love,
 We sinners sav'd by grace,
 From glory into glory chang'd,
 Behold thee face to face.

175. C. M.

1 OH whither shall a sinner flee,
 When nature's mighty frame,
 The pond'rous earth, and air, and sea,
 Shall all dissolve in flame.
 2 Amazing day! it comes apace,
 The judge is hast'ning down!
 Will sinners bear to see his face,
 Or stand before his frown.
 3 Lord; let thy mercy find a way
 To touch each stubborn heart;
 That they may never hear thee say,
 "Ye cursed ones depart."
 4 Believers you may well rejoice!
 The thunder's loudest strains,
 Should be to you a welcome voice,
 That tells you, "Jesus reigns!"

177. L. M.

- 1 O TEMPTED Soul, to Christ draw
near;
The Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful word declares to thee,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 2 Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee;
For as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 3 Should persecution rage and flame,
Still trust in thy Redeemer's name:
In fi'ry trials thou shalt see,
That as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 4 When call'd to bear the weighty cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss—
Or deep distress or poverty,
Still as thy days thy strength shall be.
- 5 When ghastly death appears in view,
Christ's presence shall thy fears sub-
He comes to set thy spirit free, [due;
And as thy days thy strength shall be.

178. P. M.

- 1 PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know him,
Jesus well deserves your praise;
O ye careless, turn ye to him;
Turn from folly's fatal ways,
In the gospel,
Jesus all his grace displays.

- 2 Saviour, full of love and pity,
 Grant repentance to thy foes,
 Till thy saints in heav'n are with thee,
 Let them on thine arm repose,
 And grow stronger
 Till their glorious strife shall close.

179. C. M.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpress'd,
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear,
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
 That infant lips can try;
 Prayer the sublimest strains that reach,
 The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air;
 His watch-word at the gate of death,
 He enters Heaven with prayer.
- 5 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
 Returning from his ways,
 When angels in their songs rejoice,
 And say, Behold he prays.
- 6 The saints in prayer appear as one,
 In word, in deed, in mind,

When with the Father and the Son,
Their fellowship they find.

7 Nor prayer is made on earth alone,
The Holy spirit pleads,
And Jesus on the Eternal Throne
For sinners intercedes.

8 Oh thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod,
Lord teach us how to pray.

180. C. M.

1 PROSTRATE, dear Jesus, at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies;
And upwards to the mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 Oh, let not justice frown me hence;
Stay, stay the vengeful storm:
Forbid it, that Omnipotence
Should crush a feeble worm.

3 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping
eyes,
In ceaseless currents flow.

4 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed,
No blood, but thou hast split.

- 1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace,
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven thy native place.
Sun, and moon, and stars, decay,
Time will soon the earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepar'd above.
- 2 Rivers to the ocean run,
Nor stay in all their course;
Fires ascend and seek the sun,
Both speed them to their source.
So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to see his glorious face:
Upwards tends to his abode,
To rest in his embrace.
- 3 Fly my riches, fly my cares,
While I that course explore;
Flatt'ring world with all your snares,
Solicit me no more.
Pilgrims fix not here their home,
Strangers tarry but a night:
When the last dear morn shall come,
We'll rise to glorious light.
- 4 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon the Saviour will return,
Triumphant through the skies.
Yet a season, and you'll know,

Happy entrance will be given,
 All your sorrows left below,
 And earth exchang'd for heaven.

182. P. M.

1 REMEMBER, sinful youth, you must die!
 you must die!

Remember, sinful youth, you must die!
 Remember sinful youth, who hate the
 way of truth,

And in your pleasures boast, you must
 die! you must die!

And in your pleasures boast, you must die!

2 Uncertain are your days here below, &c.
 Uncertain are your days, &c.

Uncertain are your days, for God hath
 many ways [here below,

To bring you to your graves here below,
 To bring, &c.

3 And if you travel down the broad road,
 the broad road,

And if you travel down, &c.

And if you travel down to darkness you
 are bound,

Eternally around the broad road, &c.

4 To a dreadful judgment day you are
 bound, &c.

To a dreadful judgment day, &c.

To a dreadful judgment day, be your
 thoughts whate'er they may;

Nor can you it delay, you are bound, &c.

Nor can you, &c. [*&c.*

5 The God who built the sky, great I AM,
The God who built the sky, &c.

The God who built the sky, hath said,
(and cannot lie,)

Impenitents must die, and be damn'd,
&c. Impenitents, &c. [*&c.*

5 And O! my friends, don't you, I entreat,
And O! my friends, don't you, &c.

And O! my friends, don't you, your car-
nal mirth pursue,

Your guilty souls undo, I entreat, &c.

Your guilty souls undo, I entreat, &c.

Your guilty, &c.

7 Unto the Saviour flee, 'scape for life, &c.
Unto the Saviour flee, &c. [*be,*

Unto the Saviour flee, lest death eternal
Your final destiny; 'scape for life, &c.

Your final, &c.

183.

Original, composed for this volume, by a friend.

Tune—"Come my soul."

1 RISE my soul shake off thy fears

Lay aside thy mourning,

Wipe away those falling tears,

Cease this inward groaning.

Though thy sins like mountains rise,

Though they reach to heaven,

Jesus lives above the skies,
They may be forgiven.

- 2 Once a man of sorrows, he
Wrestled in the garden,
Died upon the shameful tree,
To procure thy pardon—
Rose triumphant from the grave,
Lives thy great Redeemer
Strong and powerful to save
Ev'ry true believer.
- 3 Wherefore then with fears dismay'd,
Why with grief dejected;
All that seek shall find his aid,
None shall be rejected.
Rise and prove his faithful word
Feel his pardon flowing,
Let thy faith embrace its Lord
All his goodness knowing.
- 4 He thy burden shall remove
Speak thy sins forgiven
Crown thee with his peace and love
Turn thy hell to Heaven;
Guide thee by his Counsel here
Still thy strength renewing,
Save from every anxious care
All thy foes subduing.
- 5 And when earth with all its strife
Thou in peace art leaving;
When the dearest cords of life
Death's strong hand is reaving,

Thou my soul shall mount on high
 Gain thy heavenly treasure,
 Live with God no more to die
 In those realms of pleasure.

184. P. M. 7s 6s.

- 1 STOP, poor sinner! stop and think
 Before you farther go!
 Will you sport upon the brink
 Of everlasting wo?
 Once again I charge you stop!
 For unless you warning take,
 Ere you are aware, you drop
 Into the burning lake!
- 2 Say, have you an arm like God,
 That you his will oppose?
 Fear you not that iron rod
 With which he breaks his foes?
 Can you stand in that dread day;
 When he judgment shall proclaim,
 And the earth shall melt away
 Like wax before the flame?
- 3 Pale-fac'd death will quickly come,
 To drag you to his bar,
 Then to hear your awful doom
 Will fill you with despair:
 All your sins will round you crowd,
 Sins of a blood-crimson dye;
 Each for vengeance crying loud;
 And what can you reply?

4 Tho' your heart be made of steel,
 Your forehead lined with brass;
 God at length will make you feel,
 He will not let you pass:
 Sinners then in vain will call,
 (Tho' they now despise his grace)
 Rocks and mountains on us fall,
 And hide us from his face.

5 But as yet there is a hope
 You may his mercy know;
 Though his arm is lifted up,
 He still forbears the blow.
 'Twas for sinners Jesus di'd,
 Sinners he invites to come;
 None who come shall be deni'd,
 He says, "there still is room."

185. P. M.

1 STOP, poor sinners, and look yonder,
 See your sins like mountains rise,
 O astonishing the number,
 Higher mounting than the skies:
 Cry for mercy,
 Dread the death that never dies.

2 On the crumbling banks of ruin,
 How can you securely dwell?
 Sinners, vengeance is pursuing,
 And will sweep you down to hell:
 And then to heaven,
 Finally you'll bid farewell.

- 3 Doom'd where sorrows behind sorrows,
Follow on without control,
Floods of vengeance big with horror,
Without intermission roll;
Wrath vindictive
Overwhelms the guilty soul.
- 4 See how fast your time is flying,
Will ye sinners yet delay?
One is gone, another's dying,
O! to God for mercy pray:
Time is precious:
God may next call you away.
- 5 Now's the time for preparation,
While the vital air you breathe;
God is offering you salvation,
Calls you yet to turn and live;
Boundless mercy;
All who come he will receive.

186. C. M.

- 1 SINNER, hear the Saviour's call,
He now is passing by;
He has seen thy grievous thrall,
And heard thy mournful cry;
He has pardons to impart,
Grace to save thee from thy fears,
See the love that fills his heart,
And wipes away thy tears.
- 2 Why art thou afraid to come,
And tell him all thy case?

He will not pronounce thy doom,
 Nor frown thee from his face:
 Wilt thou fear Immanuel?

Wilt thou fear the Lamb of God,
 Who to save thy soul from hell
 Has shed his precious blood?

3 Think, how on the cross he hung,
 Pierc'd with a thousand wounds!

Hark from each as with a tongue,
 The voice of pardon sounds!

See from all his bursting veins,
 Blood of wond'rous virtue flow,
 Shed to wash away the stain,
 And ransom thee from wo.

4 Raise thy down-cast eyes and see,
 What throngs his throne surround,
 These though sinners once like thee,
 Have full salvation found;

Yield not then to unbelief!

While he says, "There yet is room;
 Though of sinners thou art chief,
 Since Jesus calls thee home.

187. P. M.

1 SEE the eternal Judge descending,
 Seated on his father's throne;

Now poor sinner, Christ will show thee
 That he's with the father one:

Trumpets call thee,
 Stand and hear thy awful doom.

- 2 Hear the sinner now lamenting,
 At the sight of fiercer pain;
 Cries and tears he now is venting,
 But he weeps and cries in vain:
 Greatly mourning,
 That he ne'er was born again.
- 3 Yonder sits my slighted Saviour,
 With the marks of dying love:
 O! that I had sought his favour,
 When I felt his spirit move!
 Doom'd I'm justly,
 For I have against him strove.
- 4 All his wooing I have slighted,
 While he daily sought my soul,
 If my vows to him I plighted,
 Yet for sin I broke them all:
 Golden moments,
 How neglected did they roll!
- 5 There I see my godly neighbours,
 Who were once despis'd by me,
 Now they're clad in dazzling splendour,
 Waiting my sad fate to see:
 Farewell neighbours—
 Dismal gulf I'm bound for thee.
- 6 Hail! ye ghosts that dwell in darkness,
 Groaning, rattling of your chains?
 Christ has now pronounc'd my sentence,
 I'm to dwell in endless pains;
 Down I'm rolling,
 Never to return again.

7 Now experience plainly shows me,
 Hell is not a fabled thing,
 Now I see my friends in glory,
 Round the throne they ever sing,
 I'm tormented
 With an everlasting sting.

188. P. M.

1 SAW ye my Saviour! Saw ye my Saviour!
 Saw ye my Saviour and God?
 Oh! he died on Calvary, to atone for you
 and me,
 And to purchase our pardon with blood.
 2 He was extended! he was extended!
 Shamefully nail'd to the cross;
 Oh! he bow'd his head and died, thus my
 Lord was crucified,
 To atone for a world that was lost. [ing!
 3 Jesus hung bleeding! Jesus hung bleed-
 Three dreadful hours in pain;
 Oh! the sun refused to shine, when his
 majesty divine,
 Was derided, insulted, and slain.
 4 Darkness prevailed! darkness prevailed!
 Darkness prevail'd o'er the land,
 O! the solid rocks were rent through crea-
 tion's vast extent,
 When the Jews crucified the God man.
 5 When it was finish'd, when it was finish'd,
 And the atonement was made,

He was taken by the great, and embalm'd
in spices sweet,

And into a sepulchre was laid. [viour!

6 Hail, mighty Saviour! Hail, mighty Sa-
Prince and author of peace,

Oh! he burst the bands of death, and trium-
phant thro' the east,

He ascended to mansions of bliss.

7 Now interceding! now interceding!

Pleading that sinners may live;

Crying Father, I have died! O behold my
hands and side,

To redeem them, I pray thee forgive.

8 I will forgive them, I will forgive them,
If they'll repent and believe,

Let them now return to me and be recon-
cil'd to thee,

And salvation they all shall receive.

189. C. M.

1 SWEET rivers of redeeming love,

Lie just before mine eye;

Had I the pinions of a dove,

I'd to those rivers fly:

I'd rise superior to my pain,

With joy outstrip the wind:

I'd cross cold Jordan's stormy main,

And leave the world behind.

2 While I'm imprison'd here below,

In anguish, pain and smart,

Oft-times those troubles I forego,

When love surrounds my heart:
 In darkest shadows of the night,
 Faith mounts the upper sky,
 I then behold my heart's delight,
 And would rejoice to die!

3 I view the monster death, and smile,
 Now he has lost his sting;
 Though Satan rages all the while
 I still in triumph sing:
 I hold my saviour in my arms,
 And will not let him go;
 I'm so delighted with his charms,
 No other good I'll know.

4 A few more years, or days at most,
 My troubles will be o'er,
 I hope to join the heav'nly host,
 On Canaan's happy shore.
 My rapt'rous soul shall drink and feast
 In love's unbounded sea;
 The glorious hope of endless rest,
 Is transporting to me.

5 O come, my Saviour, come away,
 And bear me through the sky,
 Nor let thy chariot wheels delay,
 Make haste, and bring it nigh:
 I long to see thy glorious face,
 And in thine image shine;
 To triumph in victorious grace,
 And be forever thine.

190. C. M.

- 1 SWEET to rejoice in lively hope,
That when my change shall come,
Angels shall hover round my bed,
And waft my spirit home.
- 2 There shall my disembodied soul
View Jesus and adore;
Be with his likeness satisfy'd,
And grieve and sin no more.
- 3 Shall see him wear that very flesh
On which my guilt was lain;
His love intense, his merit fresh,
As though but newly slain.
- 4 Soon too, my slumb'ring dust shall hear.
The trumpet's quick'ning sound;
And, by my Saviour's power rebuilt,
At his right hand be found.
- 5 These eyes shall see him in that day,
Jesus who died for me;
And all my rising bones shall say,
Lord, who is like to thee?
- 6 If such the views that grace unfolds,
Weak as it is below,
What raptures must the church above
In Jesus's presence know!
- 7 O may the unction of these truths
For ever with me stay;
'Till, from her earthly cage dismiss'd,
My spirit flies away.

- 1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Ev'ry sentence, O how tender?
Ev'ry line is full of love!
Listen to it,
Ev'ry line is full of love.
- 2 Hear the Heralds of the gospel,
News from Zion's King proclaim,
To each rebel-sinner—"Pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name:
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name!
- 3 False professors, grov'ling worldlings,
Callous hearers of the word!
While the messengers address you,
Take the warnings they afford;
We intreat you,
Take the warnings they afford.
- 4 O ye angels, hov'ring round us,
Waiting spirits speed your way,
Hasten to the court of heaven,
Tidings bear without delay:
Rebel sinners
Glad the message will obey.

192. L. M.

- 1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice withip,
Oft whisper'd to thy secret soul,

- Urg'd thee to leave the ways of sin,
 And yield thy heart to God's control?
 2 Hath something met thee in the path
 Of worldliness and vanity,
 And pointed to the coming wrath, [flee?
 And warn'd thee from that wrath to
 3 Sinner, it was a heavn'ly voice,
 It was the Spirit's gracious call,
 It bade thee make the better choice,
 And haste to seek in Christ thine all.
 4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
 Regard in time the warning kind;
 That call thou may'st not always slight,
 And yet the gate of mercy find.
 5 God's Spirit will not always strive
 With harden'd, self-destroying man;
 Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
 May never hear his voice again.
 6 Sinner—perhaps this very day,
 Thy last accepted time may be;
 Oh, should'st thou grieve him now away,
 Then hope may never beam on thee.

193. C. M.

- 1 SAVIOUR richest source of pleasure,
 Fountain whence our comfort flows,
 More to be desired than treasure;
 Treasure which this world bestows:

- 2 Dearest source of consolation,
 Refuge to the poor distress'd,
 Thou canst calm our perturbation,
 Thou canst give the weary rest.
- 3 Bid the billows, loudly raging,
 Calmly at thy voice subside;
 Bid the clouds, that storms presaging,
 Soon to distant quarters glide.
- 4 As the evening sun declining,
 Sheds around a softer ray,
 May thy milder radiance shining,
 Calmly gild our closing ray.
- 5 As the soul releas'd from trouble.
 Views with joy its sorrows past,
 Views them as an empty bubble
 On the billowy ocean cast.
- 6 Oh! how sweet, in retrospection,
 Pains and sorrows well endur'd;
 'Twas through suffering—sweet reflection,
 Christ our brightest hopes procur'd.
- 7 Let us, then, on him reclining,
 For his sake our patience prove:
 Sure we oft, without repining,
 Suffer much for those we love.
- 8 Soon this path, so dark and dreary,
 Shall in fairer scenes expand;
 Soon the traveller, faint and weary,
 Shall behold the promis'd land.

194. C. M.

- 1 **STAND** ye saints, and boldly march
Against your mighty foes;
Your Jesus fought the hosts of hell,
And conquer'd when he rose.
- 2 Put on the armour of the Lord,
With truth gird up your loins;
No earthly armour e'er so bright,
With such a lustre shines.
- 3 In vain the prince of darkness strives
To give a mortal wound;
Quench'd by the shield of faith, his darts
Fall harmless to the ground.
- 4 Stand fast in ev'ry evil day,
Stand, and your foes defy;
Victorious faith shall gain the field,
And all your foes shall fly.
- 5 Fear not, your leader has subdu'd
The power's of death and hell;
Dying, he conquer'd all his foes,
And triumph'd when he fell.
- 6 From heaven see Jesus holds to view
A bright, immortal crown;
Fight on, for this shall grace your brow,
Whene'er your warfare's done.

195. C. M.

- 1 **THE** Prodigal with streaming eyes,
From folly just awake,

Reviews his wand'rings with surprise;
His heart begins to break.

2 I starve, he cries, nor can I bear
The famine in this land;
While servants of my Father share
The bounty of his hand.

3 With deep repentance I'll return
And seek my Father's face;
Unworthy to be call'd a son,
I'll ask a servant's place.

4 Far off He saw him slowly move,
In pensive silence mourn;
The Father ran with arms of love
To welcome his return.

5 Thro' all the courts the tidings flew,
And spread the joy around;
The angels tun'd their harps anew;
The Prodigal is found!

196. L. M.

1 This is the field, the world below,
In which the sower came to sow;
Jesus the wheat, Satan the tares,
For so the word of truth declares,
For soon the reaping time will come
And angels shout the harvest home.

2 Most awful truth, and is it so,
Must all the world a harvest know?
Is every one a wheat or tare?
Then for the harvest, O prepare!

For soon the reaping time will come,
And angels shout the harvest home.

- 3 But all that truly righteous be,
Their father's kingdom soon shall see,
Shine like the Sun together there,
He that hath ears, O let him hear:

For soon the reaping time will come,
And tares will meet an awful doom.

- 4 To love my sins, a saint appear,
To grow with wheat and be a tare;
May serve me while on earth below,
While tares and wheat together grow:
But soon the reaping time will come,
And tares will meet an awful doom.
May serve me while on earth below,
While tares and wheat together grow:
But soon the reaping time will come,
And tares will meet an awful doom.

- 5 When the last harvest shall appear,
To sep'rate 'tween the wheat and tares,
May I among the wheat be found,
In sheaves in cords of love be found;
There join the angels round the throne,
And shout the glorious harvest home.

197. L. M.

- 1 The Christian has a faith divine,
And does to faith obedience join;
Believes the truth, the truth obeys,
And constant walks in holy ways.

- 2 The Christian is a man of God,
He takes the pure, the heav'nly road,
All his affections rise above,
And all his heart is full of love.
- 3 The Christian shines with lustre bright,
His understanding's full of light;
To Jesus Christ he's wholly giv'n,
And is indeed a form of heav'n.
- 4 To thee, O Lord, my soul aspires,
And kindles with seraphic fires;
The real Christian, I would be,
And live for Him who died for me.

198. P. M.

- 1 The people called Christians, how many
things they tell,
About the land of Canaan, where saints
and angels dwell:
But sin, that dreadful ocean, encompasses
them around,
While its tide still divides them from Ca-
naan's happy ground.
- 2 Thousands have been impatient to find
their passage through,
And with united vigour have tried what
they could do;
But vessels built by human skill have never
sail'd far,
Till they're found run aground on some
dreadful sandy bar.

3 The everlasting Gospel has launch'd the
 deep at last,
 Behold her sails suspended around her
 towering masts;
 Around her decks, in order, the joyful
 sailors stand,
 Crying O! here we go to Imanuel's hap-
 py land!

4 To those who are spectators, what sor-
 row must ensue,
 To have their old companions bid them a
 long adieu;
 The pleasures of a paradise no longer them
 invite;
 They may rail while we sail, but we'll soon
 be out of sight.

5 We're now on the wide ocean, we bid
 them all farewell,
 But where we shall cast anchor, no mor-
 tal tongue can tell;
 About our future happiness there needs be
 no debate,
 While we ride on the tide with our Cap-
 tain and his Mate.

6 We're passengers united in harmony
 and love!
 The wind's all in our favour, how joyfully
 we move:

Tho' troubles may surround us, and raging
 billows roar,
 We will sweep through the deep till we
 land on Canaan's shore.

199. P. M.

- 1 THE son of man they did betray,
 He was condemn'd and led away,
 Think, O my soul, on that dread day:
 Look on mount Calvary.
 Behold him lamb-like led along,
 Surrounded by a wicked throng,
 Accused by each lying tongue,
 And then the Lamb of God they hung
 Upon the shameful tree.
- 2 'Twas thus the glorious sufferer stood,
 With hands and feet nail'd to the wood;
 From every wound a stream of blood
 Came flowing down amain.
 His bitter groans all nature shook,
 And at his voice the rocks were broke,
 And sleeping saints their graves forsook,
 While spiteful Jews around him mock'd,
 And laughed at his pain.
- 3 Now hung between the earth and skies,
 Behold! in agonies he dies;
 O sinners! hear his mournful cries,
 Come see his tor'tring pain.
 The morning sun withdrew his light,
 Blush'd, and refus'd to view the sight;

The azure cloth'd in robes of night,
 All nature mourn'd and stood affright,
 When Christ the Lord was slain.
 Hark! men and angels, hear the son,
 He cries for help, but O! there's none,
 He treads the wine press all alone,
 His garments stained with blood.
 In lamentations hear him cry,
 "Eloi, lama sabachthani!"
 Though death may close his languid eyes
 He soon will mount the upper skies,
 The conq'ring Son of God.
 The Jews and Romans in a band,
 With hearts like steel around him stand,
 And mocking, say, "Come save the land
 Come try yourself to free."
 A soldier pierced him when he died,
 Then healing streams came from his side,
 And thus my Lord was crucified;
 Stern justice now is satisfied,
 Sinners for you and me.
 Behold! he mounts the throne of state
 He fills the mediatorial seat,
 While millions bowing at his feet,
 With loud hosannahs tell:
 Though he endured exquisite pains,
 He led the monster death in chains:
 Ye seraphs raise your highest strains,
 With music fill bright Eden's plains,
 He conquer'd death and hell.

- 7 'Tis done! the dreadful debt is paid,
 The great atonement now is made:
 Sinners on him your guilt was laid,
 For you he spilt his blood:
 For you his tender soul did move,
 For you he left the courts above,
 That you the length and breadth might
 prove,
 And height and depth of perfect love,
 In Christ your smiling God.
- 8 All glory be to God on high,
 Who reigns enthron'd above the sky:
 Who sent his son to bleed and die,
 Glory to him be giv'n:
 While heav'n above his praise resounds,
 O Zion sing—his grace abounds;
 I hope to shout eternal rounds;
 In flaming love that knows no bounds,
 When swallow'd up in heav'n.

200. 7s.

- 1 'TIS a point I long to know,
 Oft it causes anxious thoughts:
 Do I love the Lord or no?
 Am I his or am I not?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus?
 Why this dull and lifeless frame?
 Hardly sure, can they be worse,
 Who have never heard his name!

- 3 Could my heart so hard remain,
 Pray'r a task and burden prove;
 Ev'ry trifle give me pain,
 If I knew a Saviour's love !
- 4 When I turn my eyes within,
 All is dark, and vain, and wild;
 Fill'd with unbelief and sin,
 Can I deem myself a child ?
- 5 If I pray, or hear, or read,
 Sin is mix'd with all I do;
 You that love the Lord indeed,
 Tell me, is it thus with you !
- 6 Yet I mourn my stubborn will,
 Find my sin a grief and thrall;
 Should I grieve for what I feel,
 If I did not love at all ?
- 7 Could I joy his saints to meet,
 Choose the ways I once abhor'd,
 Find at times the promise sweet,
 If I did not love the Lord ?
- 8 Lord decide the doubtful case !
 Thou who art thy people's sun;
 Shine upon thy work of grace,
 If it be indeed begun.
- 9 Let me love thee more and more,
 If I love at all, I pray;
 If I have not lov'd before,
 Help me to begin to day.

201. P. M.

1 THE voice of Free Grace, cries escape
to the mountain,
For Adam's lost race Christ has open'd
a fountain
For sin and transgression, and every
pollution,
His blood flows most freely in plenteous
redemption.

Hallelújah to the Lamb who purchas'd
our pardon.

2 That fountain so clear in which all may
find pardon.

From Jesus's side flows plenteous re-
demption;

Though your sins were increas'd as high
as a mountain,

His blood it flows freely in streams of
salvation,

3 O! Jesus ride on, thy kingdom is glo-
rious,

O'er sin, death and hell, thou wilt make
us victorious:

Thy name shall be praised in the great
congregation,

And saints shall delight in ascribing sal-
vation.

4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd
the blest shore,

With our harps in our hands we'll praise
 him evermore;
 We'll range the blest fields on the bank
 of the river.
 And sing hallelujah for ever and ever.

202. P. M.

1 THE reason we love friendship
 We will deny to no man,
 How shall, how shall, how shall we
 Who are thus form'd for happiness,
 E'er slight a loving christian,
 Since Jesus, Jesus hath di'd on the
 tree,
 To rescue sinful men
 From violence and treason,
 That we might love each other,
 And seek our soul's salvation:
 'Twas love that mov'd the mighty God
 For to redeem the nations,
 That happy, happy we might be.

2 On the feast day of ancient times,
 Jesus stood thus crying
 Whoso thirsteth let ev'ry one
 Come unto me and freely drink,
 And thus be sav'd from dying,
 For surely, surely, there's nothing
 else can
 Quench the immortal flame
 That in your heart is glowing.

Then come and taste the streams of grace
 Which are so freely flowing,
 Saying, drink my love, my only dove,
 For you they now are flowing,
 Then happy, happy you shall be.

- 3 Let us who have begun to taste
 The sweets of this salvation,
 Follow, follow, let us follow on,
 Believing we shall overcome,
 Resisting all temptation,
 Since Jesus, Jesus, since Jesus the Son,
 With out-stretch'd arms expanded,
 And voice that's so inviting,
 To purling streams of purest joys
 Is thus our souls exciting:
 Let us impart to him our heart,
 By faith and love uniting;
 Then happy, happy we shall be.

203. P. M.

- 1 THE sacred ties of friendship
 Unite all loving christians,
 In glory, in glory they shall live;
 In glory, in glory they shall live;
 No time or place shall change them,
 And death shall ne'er dissolve them,
 United, united are they that believe,
 When Gabriel's trumpet sounding.
 And conquer'd death resigning.
 The scatter'd dust uniting,

The soul and body joining,
 All join the great procession,
 And glory realizing,

Then happy, happy we shall be.

2 The bliss exquisite flowing,
 The friends of Jesus shouting;
 Such raptures, raptures flow from his
 word?

The angels join in concert,
 While Jesus stands inviting,

Come, come on ye blessed of the
 Lord,

Behold the crowns of glory

And saints and angels meeting,
 And living streams of purest joys
 For ever are increasing;

In azure fields for ever range;
 And view a smiling Jesus.

204. L. M.

1 THE trump of God rends earth and skies,
 Resounding loud the echo flies:

'Arise, ye dead, to judgment come,
 'Receive your last and final doom.

2 The grave, obedient to the call,
 Gives up her dead, both great and small,
 From east to west, from north to south,
 To meet the Lord, they all come forth.

3 The saints rejoice to see the day;
 While sinners tremble with dismay;

- And from his presence wish to flee,
 Yet (fruitless wish!) that cannot be.
- 4 Lo! Jesus to his blood-bought throng,
 "Let holy triumph be your song;
 Rejoice, lift up your heads on high,
 The day of your redemption's nigh.
- 5 From hell and sin I've set you free,
 And made you meet to dwell with me?
 I cloth'd you with my righteousness,
 And kept you by victorious grace.
- 6 Come, then, ye blessed of the Lord,
 Receive your crown of great reward,
 Prepar'd for you by wond'rous love,
 Ere time its circling wheels did move.
- 7 But go, ye cursed, down to hell,
 With devils you must ever dwell;
 Fire and brimstone there prepar'd
 Is your eternal, sure reward."
- 8 Good God! prevent me by thy grace,
 From coming to that dismal place;
 Help me to fly to thee betimes,
 And in thy blood wash all my crimes.

205. C. M.

- 1 THAT glorious day is drawing nigh,
 When Zion's light shall shine;
 She shall arise and shine on high,
 Bright as the morning sun.
- The north and south their sons resign,
 And earth's foundation bend;

Christ, like a comely bride adorn'd,
All-glorious shall descend.

2 The king that wears the glorious crown,
The azure flaming bow,
That holy city shall bring down,
To bless his saints below,
When Zion's bleeding conqu'ring king
Shall sin and death destroy,
The morning stars together sing,
And Zion shouts for joy.

3 Let Satan rage and boast no more,
Not think his reigning long,
The saints, tho' feeble weak and poor,
Their great Redeemer's strong,
He is their shield and hiding place,
A covert from the wind,
A fountain in the wilderness,
Throughout the weary land.

206. I. M.

1 THERE is a heav'n o'er yonder skies,
A heav'n where pleasure never dies,
A heav'n I sometimes hope to see,
But fear again its not for me.
But Jesus, Jesus, is my friend, O Hallelujah?

2 The way is difficult and straight,
And narrow is the gospel gate;
Ten thousand dangers are therein,
Ten thousand snares to take me in.

- 3 I travel through a world of foes,
Through conflicts sore my spirit goes;
The tempter cries, I ne'er shall stand,
Nor reach fair Canaan's happy land.
- 4 The way of dangers I am in,
Beset with devils, men, and sin;
But in this way thy track I see,
And mark'd with blood it seems to be.
- 5 Come life, come death, come then what
His footsteps I will follow still; [will;
Through dangers thick and hell's alarms,
I shall be safe in his dear arms.
- 6 Then, O my soul, arise and sing,
Yonder's thy Saviour, friend, and king,
With pleasing smiles he now looks down.
And cries "press on and here's the crown.
- 7 "Prove faithful then a few more days,
Fight the good fight and win the race,
And then thy soul with me shall reign,
Thy head a crown of glory gain."

207. P. M.

- 1 THE wondrous love of Jesus,
From doubts and fears it frees us,
With pitying love he sees us,
While toiling here below:
Through tribulation driven,
We'll force our way to heaven;
Through consolation given,
Rejoicing on we'll go.

- 2 Companions now distress'd,
By Satan sore oppress'd,
Cheer up, you'll be relieved,
Your Captain's gone before:
In every trying hour,
He'll save you by his power,
And bring you safe to heaven;
On that eternal shore.
- 3 O yonder is the glory,
It lies but just before you,
And there we'll tell the story
Of all redeeming love:
And there we shall for ever,
Drink of that flowing river,
And ever, ever, ever,
Surround the throne of love.
- 4 There in the blooming garden
Of Eden, gain'd by pardon,
Upon the banks of Jordan,
We will worship the Lamb:
We'll sing the song of Moses,
While Jesus he composes
A song that never closes,
Of pleasures to his name.

208. P. M.

- 1 THERE we shall reign with Jesus, on
that delightful shore,
And shout with the redeemed, our trials
are all o'er;

The wicked cease from troubling, the
 weary are at rest,
 And we shall reign with Jesus, eternal
 ages blest.

- 2 We shall be like the angels, in that im-
 mortal throng,
 And shout aloud salvation, 'twill be our
 lasting song;
 They sing creating goodness, and we
 redeeming love,
 And this shall be our business, in the
 bright worlds above.
- 3 This love so freely flowing, it animates
 our hearts, [place and part;
 This love is still abounding, in every
 This love can ne'er be ended, though
 faith and hope should cease,
 This love can ne'er be bounded, but ever
 will increase.
- 4 This love through endless ages, it ever
 is the same;
 'Tis this our heart engages, to love and
 serve the Lamb: [one soul.
 Unite us all together, and make us of
 It is the Balm of Gilead, it makes the
 wounded whole.

209. P. M.

- 1 THERE is a holy city,
 A happy world above,

Beyond the starry regions,
 Built by the God of love:
 An everlasting temple,
 And saints array'd in white,
 They serve their great Redeemer,
 They dwell with him in light.

2 This is no world of trouble,
 The God of peace is there,
 He wipes away their sorrows,
 He banishes their care;
 Their joys are still increasing,
 Their songs are ever new,
 They praise th' eternal Father,
 The Son and Spirit too.

3 The meanest child of glory
 Outshines the radiant sun;
 But who can speak the splendour
 Of that eternal throne,
 Where Jesus sits exalted,
 In godlike majesty?

The elders fall before him,
 The angels bend the knee.

4 Is this the man of sorrows,
 Who stood at Pilate's bar,
 Condemn'd by haughty Herod,
 And by his men of war?

He seems a mighty conqueror
 Who spoil'd the powers below,
 And ransom'd many captives
 From everlasting wo.

- 5 The hosts of saints around him,
 Proclaim his work of grace;
 The patriarchs and prophets,
 And all the godly race;
 Who speak of fiery trials,
 And tortures on their way,
 They came from tribulation,
 To everlasting day.
- 6 Now with a holy transport,
 They tell their suff'rings o'er,
 Their tears and their temptations,
 And all the pains they bore;
 They turn and bow to Jesus,
 Who gained their liberty:
 Amid our fiercest dangers,
 Our lives are hid in thee.

210. L. M.

- 1 THO' in the outward church below,
 The wheat and tares together grow;
 Jesus e'er long will weed the crop,
 And pluck the tares in anger up:
*For soon the reaping time will come,
 And angels shout the harvest home.*
- 2 Will it relieve their horrors there,
 To recollect their stations here, [knew,
 How much they heard, how much they
 How much among the wheat they grew?
- 3 Oh! this will aggravate their case,
 They perish'd under means of grace,

To them the word of life and faith
Became an instrument of death.

- 4 We seem alike when thus we meet;
Strangers might think we all were wheat;
But to the Lord's all searching eyes
Each heart appears without disguise.
- 5 The tares are spar'd for various ends;
Some for the sake of praying friends;
Others the Lord, against their will,
Employs his counsels to fulfil.
- 6 But though they grow so tall and strong,
His plan will not require them long;
In harvest when he saves his own,
The tares shall into hell be thrown.
- 7 Most awful thought, and is it so,
Must all mankind the harvest know?
Is every man a wheat or tare?
Me for that harvest, Lord prepare.

211. P. M.

- 1 THE Land of Glory lies
Beyond old Jordan's stream
A region in the skies,
Where fields are always green.
O happy place of sweet repose,
Where pain & death, no entrance knows,
And life's fair tree for ever grows.
- 2 There saints and angels drink,
And plunge in seas of love;
No bliss of which they think,

Shall be withheld above.
 For all the blessings of the throne,
 Do freely flow to every one;
 Secur'd to them thro' Christ alone.

3 Soon shall our toil be o'er—

Our suffering and our pain:

We'll meet upon that shore:

And never part again.

And sing the song, redeeming love,
 While we stand round the throne above
 And all the joys of heaven prove.

212. P. M.

1 THROUGH tribulation deep,

The way to glory is,

This stormy course I keep,

On these tempestuous seas;

By waves and winds I'm toss'd and driv'n,
 Freight'd with grace & bound to heav'n.

2 Sometimes temptations blow

A dreadful hurricane,

And high the waters flow,

And o'er my sides break in,

But still my little ship outbraves

The blust'ring winds and surging waves.

3 When I in my distress,

My anchor, hope, can cast

Within the promises,

It holds my vessel fast;

Safely she then at anchor rides,

'Midst stormy blasts and swelling tides.

- 4 If a dead calm ensues,
 And heaven no breezes give,
 The oar of prayer I use,
 I labour, toil and strive:
 Thro' storms and calms for many a day,
 I make but very little way.
- 5 But when a heavenly breeze
 Springs up and fills my sail,
 My vessel goes with ease
 Before the pleasant gale;
 And runs as much an hour, or more,
 As in a month or two before.
- 6 As at the time of noon,
 My quadrant Faith, I take,
 To view my Christ, my sun,
 If he the clouds should break:
 I'm happy when his face I see,
 I know then whereabouts I be.
- 7 When through the gulf I get,
 (Though rough, it is but short,)
 The pilot angels meet
 And bring me into port;
 And when I land on that blest shore,
 I shall be safe for evermore.

213. C. M.

- 1 THRO' sorrow's night and danger's path,
 Amid the deep'ning gloom,
 We, soldiers of an injur'd King,
 Are marching to the tomb.

- 2 There, when the turmoil is no more,
 And all our pow'rs decay,
 Our cold remains, in solitude,
 Shall sleep the years away.
- 3 Our labors done, securely laid
 In this our last retreat,
 Unheeded, o'er our silent dust,
 The storms of life shall beat.
- 4 These ashes poor, this little dust,
 Our Father's care shall keep,
 Till the last angel rise, and break
 The long and dreary sleep.
- 5 Then love's swift day o'er ev'ry eye
 Shall shed its mildest rays,
 And the long silent dust shall burst
 With shouts of endless praise.

214 C. M.

- 1 THE time is short! the season near,
 When death will us remove
 To leave our friends, however dear,
 And all we fondly love.
- 2 The time is short! sinners, beware,
 Nor trifle time away;
 The word of great salvation hear,
 While it is call'd to-day.
- 3 The time is short! ye rebels, now
 To Christ the Lord submit;
 To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
 And fall at Jesus's feet.

- 4 The time is short! ye saints rejoice—
 The Lord will quickly come:
 Soon shall you hear the bridegroom's
 voice,
 To call you to your home.
- 5 The time is short! it swiftly flies—
 The hour is just at hand,
 When we shall mount above the skies,
 And reach the wish'd for land.
- 6 The time is short!—the moment near,
 When we shall dwell above;
 And be for ever happy there,
 With Jesus, whom we love.

215. 7s.

- 1 TO the cross where Jesus dies,
 Where my Lord resigns his breath
 Where affliction veils his eyes,
 Swimming in the tears of death:
 Thither bringing all my guilt,
 From avenging wrath I flee,
 To the blood of sprinkling spilt—
 Spilt to set the sinner free.
- 2 'Mid convulsive agonies,
 Peace his quivering lips impart;
 Pardon seal'd by broken sighs
 Issuing from a broken heart;
 Let me feel this healing power,
 Let this harden'd heart of stone,

Melt beneath the purple shower,
 From his body trickling down.
 3 On those temples, crown'd with thorns,
 Suff'ring majesty appears;
 Love that dying face adorns,
 Stain'd with blood and soil'd with tears;
 Pierce the shadows of the heart
 With the light'ning of that eye;
 Smiles of peace to me impart,
 Let me feel, or I must die!

216. 10's & 11's.

1 THO' troubles assail, and dangers
 affright,
 Though friends should all fail, and foes all
 unite,
 Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide,
 The promise assures' us, The Lord will
 provide.
 2 The birds, without barn or storehouse,
 are fed:
 From them let us learn to trust for our
 bread.
 His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be de-
 ni'd,
 So long as 'tis written, The Lord will pro-
 vide.
 3 We all may, like ships, by tempests be
 tost
 On perilous deeps, but need not be lost;

Though Satan enrages the wind and the
 tide, [vide.

Yet Scripture engages, The Lord will pro-

4 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old:

We know not the way, but faith makes us
 bold;

For tho' we are strangers, we have a sure
 guide,

And trust in all dangers, The Lord will
 provide.

5 When Satan appears to stop up our path,

And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;

He cannot take from us (tho' oft he has
 tri'd)

The heart-cheering promise, The Lord will
 provide.

6 He tells us we're weak, our hope is in
 vain,

The good that we seek we ne'er shall ob-
 tain:

But when such suggestions our graces have
 tri'd,

This answers all questions, The Lord will
 provide.

7 No strength of our own, nor goodness
 we claim.

Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' name;

In this our strong tower for safety we hide;

The Lord is our power, The Lord will
 provide,

8 When life sinks apace, and death is in
view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us
through;
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on
our side,
We hope to die shouting, The Lord will
provide.

217. C. M.

1 THY promise, Lord, and thy command,
Have brought us here to-day;
And now we humbly waiting stand
To hear what thou wilt say.
2 Meet us, we pray, with words of peace,
And fill our hearts with love;
That from our follies we may cease,
And henceforth faithful prove.

218. P. M.

1 THOU God of harmony and love, [above,
Whose name transports the saints
And lulls the ravish'd spheres:
On thee in feeble strains I call,
And mix my humble voice with all
The heav'nly choristers.
2 O might I with the saints aspire,
The meanest of that dazzling choir
Who chant thy praise above;
Mixt with the bright musician-band,

- May I a heavenly harper stand,
And sing the song of love.
- 3 What ecstasy of bliss is there,
While all the angelic concert share,
And drink the floating joys!
What more than ecstasy, when all
Struck to the golden pavement fall
At Jesu's glorious voice!
- 4 Jesus! the heaven of heavens he is,
The soul of harmony and bliss!
And while on him we gaze,
And while his glorious voice we hear,
Our spirits are all eye, all ear,
And silence speaks his praise.
- 5 O might I die that awe to prove,
That prostrate awe which dares not move
Before the great Three-One!
To shout by turns the bursting joy,
And all eternity employ
In songs around the throne!

219. L. M.

- 1 THAT hiding-place I long to find,
That sacred covert from the wind:
Thou Man of grief, thou God of love,
Receive and keep my life above.
- 2 Conceal me from the furious blast,
Till all the storms of life are past,
Or let the latest tempest come,
And drive me to my heavenly home.

- 3 My soul, a dry and barren place,
 Gasps for the cooling streams of grace;
 O, might they thro' the desert roll
 Refreshment to my gasping soul!
- 4 Jesus, I thirst for thee, not thine,
 I want the well of life divine;
 The well of life divine thou art,
 Spring up eternal in my heart.

220. C. M.

- 1 THOU dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,
 We love to hear of thee;
 No music like thy charming name,
 Nor half so sweet can be:
 O may we ever hear thy voice,
 In mercy to us speak,
 And in our priest will we rejoice
 Our great Melchisedec.
- 2 Our Jesus shall be still our theme,
 While in this world we stay,
 We'll sing our Jesu's lovely name,
 When all things else decay:
 When we appear in yonder cloud,
 With all his favour'd throng, [loud,
 Then will we sing, more sweet, more
 And Christ shall be our song.

221. P. M.

- 1 THE Lord's into his garden come,
 The spices yield a rich perfume,
 The lilies grow and thrive:
 Refreshing showers of grace divine;

- From Jesus flow to every vine,
 And makes the dead revive.
- 2 O that this dry and barren ground
 In springs of water may abound,
 A fruitful soil become;
 The desert blossom as the rose,
 When Jesus conquers all his foes
 And makes his people one.
- 3 The glorious time is coming on,
 The gracious work is now begun,
 My soul a witness is;
 I taste and see the pardon free
 For all mankind, as well as me,
 Who come to Christ may live.
- 4 The worst of sinners here may find
 A Saviour merciful and kind,
 Who will them all receive,
 None are too vile who will repent,
 Out of one sinner legions went,
 The Lord did him relieve.
- 5 Come brethren dear, who know the Lord,
 And taste the sweetness of his word,
 In Jesu's way go on:
 Our troubles and our trials here,
 Will only make us richer there,
 When we arrive at home.
- 6 We feel that heav'n is now begun,
 It issues from the sparkling throne,
 From Jesu's throne on high:

It comes in floods, we can't contain,
 We drink, and drink, and drink again,
 And yet we still are dry.

7 But when we come to dwell above,
 And all surround the throne of love,
 We'll drink a full supply.

Jesus will lead his armies through,
 To living fountains where they flow,
 That never will run dry.

8 'Tis there we'll reign, and shout, and
 sing,

And make the upper regions ring,
 When all the saints get home:
 Come on, come on, my brethren dear,
 Soon we shall meet together there,
 For Jesus bids us come,

9 Amen, amen, my soul replies,
 I'm bound to meet you in the skies;
 And claim my mansion there:

Now here's my heart, and here's my hand,
 To meet you in that heav'nly land,
 Where we shall part no more.

222. C. M.

1 **THAT** awful day will surely come,
 Th' appointed hour makes haste,
 When I must stand before my Judge,
 And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus thou source of all my joys,
 Thou ruler of my heart,

How could I bear to hear thy voice,
Pronounce the sound, "depart!"

- 3 The thunder of that awful word,
Would so torment my ear,
'Twould tear my soul asunder, Lord,
With most tormenting fear.
- 4 What! to be banish'd from my Lord,
And yet forbid to die!
To linger in eternal pain,
And death for ever fly!
- 5 O wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

223. L. M.

- 1 THE saints who now in Jesus sleep,
His own almighty power shall keep,
Till dawns the bright illustrious day,
When death itself shall die away.
- 2 How loud shall our glad voices sing,
When Christ his risen saints shall bring
From beds of dust and sleeping clay,
To realms of everlasting day!
- 3 When Jesus we in glory meet,
Our utmost joys shall be complete;
When landed on that heav'nly shore,
Death and the curse shall be no more.

224. C. M.

- 1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee,
How feeble^s is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be.
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As days and months increase:
And every beating pulse we tell
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave:
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We're trav'ling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through all the
To push us to the tomb; [ground,
And fierce diseases wait around,
To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God, on what a slender thread
Hang everlasting things!
Th' eternal states of all the dead
Upon life's feeble strings.
- 6 Infinite joy or endless wo
Attends on every breath;
And yet how unconcern'd we go
Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurri'd hence,
May they be found with God!

225. P. M.

- 1 TO Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
O! bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne.
- 2 My Saviour! whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power.
- 3 Dissolve thou the bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee,
Oh! strike off the adamant chain,
And make me eternally free.
- 4 Then that happy era begins,
When array'd in thy glory I shine,
And no longer pierce with my sins
The bosom on which I recline.

226. P. M.

- 1 THERE was Joshua and Joseph, Elias
and Moses,
Who prayed as they journey'd along;
There was Abram, and Isaac, and Jacob,
and David,
And Solomon, Stephen and John:
There was Simeon and Anna, and I don't
know how many,
Who pray'd, and God heard from his
throne;

Some cast among Lions, some bound with
rough irons,

Yet glory and praises they sung.

2 Some tell us that praying, and also that
praising,

Is labour that's all spent in vain;

But we have such witness, that God hears
with swiftness,

From praying we will not refrain:

There was old father Noah, and ten thou-
sand more,

Who witness'd that God heard them pray;

There was Samuel and Hannah, Paul, Silas
and Peter,

And Daniel and Jonah all say.

3 That God by his Spirit, or an angel doth
visit,

Our souls and our bodies while praying;
Shall we all go fainting, while they all go
praising,

And glorify God in the flame;

God grant us t'inherit, the same praying
spirit,

While onward we journey below,

So that when we cease praying, we may not
cease praising,

But around God's bright throne we may
bow.

227. P. M.

- 1 THE Lord is the fountain of goodness
and love, [above,
Thro' Eden once flowing in streams from
Refreshing each moment the first happy
pair, [despair.
'Till sin stopt the torrent and brought in
- 2 O wretched condition! what anguish and
pain? [obtain;
They thirst for the fountain, but cannot
To sin's bitter waters they fly for relief,
They drink, but the draught still in-
creases their grief.
- 3 Come sinner, poor sinner, 'tis boundless
and free, [for thee;
You're welcome, take freely, 'twas open'd
The spirit invites you, the bride calls you
too, [welcome with you.
Come, call all your neighbors, they're
- 4 Make not your complaints an excuse
to delay, [away;
Let not your transgressions affright you
Tho' bad your condition, you're welcome,
draw near,
Come, come, on dear sinner, and cast
[away fear.

5 Come Christians, let's venture along
 down the stream, [swim;
 The shallows are pleasant, but O let us
 Let's bathe in the ocean of infinite love,
 And wash, and be pure as the angels
 above.

228. P. M.

- 1 THE gloomy night of sadness
 Begins to flee away,
 The red'ning streaks of morning,
 Proclaim the rising day;
 That welcome day of promise
 When Christ shall claim his right,
 And on the world in darkness
 Pour forth a flood of light.
- 2 Now truth unveil'd, is shining
 With beams of sacred light,
 The mourning pilgrims wonder,
 And leave the paths of night,
 Their glowing hearts in rapture
 All fill'd with joy divine,
 Burst forth in shouting glory,
 And like their Master shine.
- 3 Come, let's begin the anthems,
 And join the choir above,
 To praise our blessed Jesus,
 And bless the God we love,
 All glory, glory, glory,
 Salvation to our God,

Hosanna to our Jesus,
 Who wash'd us in his blood.

- 4 The courts of heaven are ringing
 With songs of highest strains,
 And ceaseless praise is rolling
 Along the flowery plains.
 O could we rise triumphant,
 And join with those above
 To shout and sing forever,
 Free grace and dying love.

229. C. M.

- 1 THE evils that beset our path
 Who can prevent or cure?
 We stand upon the brink of death;
 When most we seem secure.
- 2 If we to-day, sweet peace possess,
 It soon may be withdrawn;
 Some change may plunge us in distress,
 Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,
 And find an easy prey;
 And oft, when least expected, wealth
 Takes wings and flies away.
- 4 A fever or a blow can shake
 Our wisdom's boasted rule;
 And of the brightest genius make,
 A madman or a fool.

- 5 The gourds, from which we look for
 Produce us only pain; [fruit,
 A worm unseen attacks the root,
 And all our hopes are vain.
- 6 Since sin has fill'd the earth with wo,
 And creatures fade and die;
 Lord wean our hearts from things below,
 And fix our hopes on high.

230. C. M.

- 1 WHEN rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I view my Maker face to face,
 O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My soul with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought.
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 O how shall I appear!
- 4 O may my broken, contrite heart,
 Timely my sins lament,
 And early with repentant tears,
 Eternal wo prevent,
- 5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
 Ere yet it be too late;
 And hear my Saviour's dying groan,
 To give those sorrows weight!

- 6 For never shall my soul despair
 Her pardon to secure,
 Who knows thine only Son hath died
 To make that pardon sure.

231. C. M.

- 1 WHAT poor despised company
 Of travellers are these,
 That walk in yonder narrow way,
 Along that rugged maze?
- 2 Ah! these are of a royal line,
 All children of a King;
 Heirs of immortal crowns divine;
 And lo! for joy they sing.
- 3 Why do they then appear so mean?
 And why so much despis'd?
 Because of their rich robes unseen
 The world is not appriz'd
- 4 But some of them seem poor, distress'd,
 And lacking daily bread?
 Ah! they are of boundless wealth pos-
 sess'd,
 With hidden manna fed.
- 5 But why keep they that narrow road,
 That rugged thorny maze?
 Why, that's the way their leader trod,
 They love and keep his ways.
- 6 Why must they shun the pleasant path
 That worldings love so well?

'Because that is the road to death,
The open road to hell.

- 7 What! is there then no other road
To Salem's happy ground?—
Christ is the only way to God,
None other can be found.

232. L. M.

- 1 WHO is this heavenly person? who?
In garments dyed methinks I see,
That comes from Edom, drest in wo,
That comes from Bozrah unto me?
- 2 'Tis my Redeemer from above,
Jesus, the Saviour—yes, 'tis he:
Great is his strength, and great his love:
He groan'd, he bled, he died for me.
- 3 New life his blood and wounds afford,
My sins have made his body bleed,
I'll go and meet my dearest Lord,
And tell him how I hate the deed.
- 4 His dying love my soul constrains,
While thus I view his suff'rings o'er,
To hate the cause of all his pains,
To love his precepts more and more.
- 5 Now I'm engag'd by sacred ties,
I charge my heart no more to stray
From him who dwells above the skies,
Nor grieve nor tempt my Lord away.

- 1 WHO is as the Christain great!
Bought, and wash'd with sacred blood,
Crowns he sees beneath his feet,
Soars aloft, and walks with God.
- 2 Who is as the Christian wise!
He his nought for all hath given,
Bought the pearl of greatest price,
Nobly barter'd earth for heaven.
- 3 Who is as the Christian blest!
He hath found the long-sought stone,
He is join'd to Christ his rest,
He and happiness are one.
- 4 Earth and heaven together meet,
Gifts in him and graces join,
Make the character complete,
All immortal, all divine.
- 5 Lo! his clothing is the sun,
The bright sun of righteousness,
He hath put salvation on,
Jesus is his beauteous dress.
- 6 Lo! he feeds on living bread,
Drinks the fountain from above,
Leans on Jesu's breast his head;
Feasts for ever on his love.
- 7 Angels here his servants are,
Spread for him their golden wings,
To his throne of glory bear,
Seat him by the King of kings.

234. P. M.

- 1 **WHITHER** go'st thou, pilgrim, stranger,
 Passing through this darksome vale?
 Know'st thou not, 'tis full of danger,
 And will not thy courage fail?
 I'm bound for the kingdom, &c..
- 2 **PILGRIM**, thou dost justly call me,
 Wand'ring o'er this waste so wide;
 Yet no harm will e'er befall me,
 While I'm blest with such a **GUIDE**.
- 3 Such a Guide!—No guide attends thee,
 Hence for thee my fears arise;
 If a guardian power befriend thee,
 'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.
- 4 Yes, unseen—but still believe me,
 Such a Guide my steps attends;
 He'll in every strait relieve me,
 He from every harm defend.
- 5 Pilgrim! see that stream before thee,
 Darkly winding through the vale;
 Should its deadly waves roll o'er thee,
 Would not then thy courage fail?
- 6 No: that stream has nothing frightful,
 To its brink my steps I bend,
 There to plunge will be delightful—
 There my pilgrimage will end.

- 7 While I gaz'd—with speed surprising,
 Down the stream she plung'd from
 sight;
 Gazing still, I saw her rising
 Like an angel, clothed with light.

235. P. M.

1. WHAT happy children, who follow
 Jesus
 Into the house of prayer and praise;
 And join in union, while love increases,
 Resolved this way to spend our days:
 Altho' we're hated by the world and Sa-
 tan,
 By the flesh, and such as love not God;
 Yet happy moments and joyful seasons,
 We oft-times find on Canaan's road.
- 2 Since we've been waiting on blessed
 Jesus,
 We've felt some strength come from
 above;
 Our hearts have burned with holy rap-
 ture,
 We long to be absorbed by love:
 Then let us hold fast what is given,
 And trust in God for time to come:
 Sure we shall find our way to heaven,
 So farewell, brethren, we're going
 home.

3 And as we go, let us praise our Jesus,
 And pray for those who spurn his
 grace;
 Lest they should lose love's richest trea-
 sure,
 And ne'er enjoy his smiling face;
 Now here's my heart and my best wishes,
 In token of my Christian love;
 In hopes with you to praise my Jesus,
 So farewell, brethren, we'll meet
 above.

236. L. M.

- 1 WHEN on the cross, my Lord I see,
 Bleeding to death for wretched me,
 Satan and sin no more can move,
 For I am all transform'd to love.
- 2 His thorns and nails, pierc'd thro' my heart
 In ev'ry groan I have a part;
 I view his wounds with streaming eyes,
 But see! he bows his head and dies!
- 3 Come, sinners, view the Lamb of God,
 Wounded and dead, and bath'd in blood;
 Behold his side and venture near,
 The well of endless life is here.
- 4 Here I forget my cares and pains;
 I drink, yet still my thirst remains;
 Only the fountain head above,
 Can satisfy the thirst of love.

237. L M.

- 1 WHILE in the heat of youthful blood,
Remember your creator God:
Behold the days come hastening on,
When you shall say, "my joys are gone."
- 2 God from on high beholds your thoughts,
His book records your secret faults;
The works of darkness you have done,
Must all appear before the sun.
- 3 The vengeance to your follies due,
Should strike your hearts with terror thro'
How will ye stand before his face,
Or answer for neglected grace?
- 4 Behold the aged sinner goes,
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,
Down to the regions of the dead,
With endles curses on his head.
- 5 The dust returns to dust again,
The soul in agonies of pain
Ascend to God; not there to dwell,
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.
- 6 O sinners now turn off your eyes,
From these alluring vanities,
Come seek the Lord without delay
The invitation is to-day.

238. 8, 8, 6.

- 1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt
 come
To fetch thy ransom'd people home,
 Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
 Be found at thy right hand?
- 2 I love to meet among them now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
 Though weakest of them all:
But can I bear the piercing thought!
What if my name should be left out,
 When thou for them shall call!
- 3 Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding-place,
 In this th' accepted day:
Thy pard'ning voice, O let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear;
 Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Let me among thy saints be found,
Whene'er the archangel's trump shall
 sound,
 To see thy smiling face:
Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heav'n's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sov'reign grace.

239. L. M.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
 On which the Prince of Glory di'd,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride?
 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God:
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to thy blood.

2 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down,
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
 That were a present far too small:
 Love so amazing, so divine,
 Demands my soul, my life, my all.

240. P. M.

1 WHAT wondrous love is this, O! my
 soul! O! my soul!
 What wondrous love is this, O my soul!
 What wondrous love is this, that caus'd
 the Lord of bliss,
 To send this precious peace to my soul,
 to my soul,
 To send this precious peace to my soul.

- 2 When I was sinking down, &c.
 When I was sinking down, &c.
 When I was sinking down, beneath
 God's righteous frown,
 Christ laid aside his crown, for my soul,
 for my soul,
 Christ laid aside his crown, &c.
- 3 Ye winged seraphs fly, bear the news,
 bear the news,
 Ye winged seraphs fly, &c.
 Ye winged seraphs fly, like comets
 through the sky,
 Fill vast eternity with the news, &c.
 Fill vast eternity, &c.
- 4 Ye friends of Zion's King, join' his
 praise, &c.
 Ye friends of Zion's King, &c.
 Ye friends of Zion's King, with hearts
 and voices sing,
 And strike each tuneful string in his
 praise, &c.
 And strike each, &c.
- 5 To God and to the Lamb I will sing, &c.
 To God and to the Lamb, &c.
 To God and to the Lamb, who is the
 great I AM!
 While millions join the theme I will
 sing, &c.
 While millions join, &c.

6 And when from death I'm free, I'll sing
on, &c.

And when from death I'm free, &c.

And when from death I'm free, I'll sing
and joyful be;

And through eternity I'll sing on, &c.

And through eternity, &c.

241. C. M.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage;
And fiery darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall;
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heav'n, my all:

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

242. C. M.

1 WHEN, bending o'er the brink of life,
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass death's awful flood,
Great God, at thy command!

- 2 When weeping friends surround my bed,
And close my sightless eyes,
When shatter'd by the weight of years
This broken body lies:
- 3 When ev'ry long lov'd scene of life
Stands ready to depart;
When the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart:
- 4 O, thou great Source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save,
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave!
- 5 Lay thy supporting gentle hand
Beneath my sinking head;
And, with a ray of love divine,
Illume my dying bed!
- 6 Leaning on thy dear faithful breast,
May I resign my breath!
And, in thy fond embraces, lose
"The bitterness of death!"

243. P. M.

- 1 WHAT sound is this salutes mine ear,
Methinks 'tis Jubilee's trump I hear,
Long look'd for now has come;
It shakes the heavens, the earth, the sea,
Proclaims the year of Jubilee,
Return ye exiles home.

2 Behold the new Jerusalem,
 Illuminated by the Lamb;
 In glory doth appear.
 Fair Zion rising from the tomb,
 To meet the bridegroom now he's come,
 And hail the jubilee year.

3 King Jesus takes her to his arms,
 Transported with his glorious charms,
 She thus begins to sing: [pains,
 From tears, and sighs, and groans, and
 She soars where joy immortal reigns,
 To view the rosy spring.

4 As larks and linnets sweetly sing,
 While hills and vallies round them ring,
 'Scaped from the fowler's snare,
 One thousand years she here shall dwell,
 While Satan is chained down in hell,
 Which ends the jubilee year.

5 The dragon is let loose once more,
 And round the earth his trumpets roar,
 He's now for war again;
 But he that sits upon the throne,
 Drives Satan and his legions down,
 Into the fi'ry main.

244. 8. 7.

1 WHEN I view my Saviour bleeding
 For my sins upon the tree;
 O how wondrous!—how exceeding
 Great his love appears to me!

- 2 Floods of deep distress and anguish
To impede his labors came;
Yet they all could not extinguish
Love's eternal, burning flame.
- 3 Now redemption is completed,
Full salvation is procur'd;
Death and Satan are defeated
By the suff'rings he endur'd.
- 4 Now the gracious Mediator,
Risen to the courts of bliss,
Claims for me, a sinful creature,
Pardon, righteousness, and peace.

245. S. M.

- 1 WHAT cheering words are these?
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time and to eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.
- 2 In ev'ry state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when call'd to die.
- 3 'Tis well when joys arise,
'Tis well when sorrows flow;
'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
And strong temptations blow.
- 4 'Tis well when at his throne,
They wrestle, weep, and pray,
'Tis well when at his feet they groan,
Yet bring their wants away.

- 5 'Tis well when Jesus calls,
 From earth and sin, arise,
 Join with the host of virgin souls,
 Made to salvation wise.

246. P. M.

1. WHEN frowning death appears,
 And points his fatal dart,
 What dark foreboding fears
 Distract the sinner's heart!
 The dreadful blow
 No arm can stay,
 But torn away
 He sinks to wo.
- 2 Now every hope denied,
 Bereft of every good,
 He must the wrath abide
 Of an avenging God;
 No mercy there
 Will greet his ear,
 Nor wipe the tear
 Of black despair.
- 3 Sinners, awake, attend,
 And flee the wrath to come;
 Make Christ, the Judge, your friend,
 And heav'n shall be your home.
 His mercy nigh,
 Now points the path
 That leads from death
 To joys on high.

247. P. M.

1 WHY should I be affrighted at pesti-
lence or war,
The fiercer be the tempest the sooner it is
o'er,

With Jesus in the vessel, the billows rise
in vain,
They only will convey me to yon Elysian
plain,

With Glory in my Soul.

2 This is a land of dangers, and foes they
press me hard,
But Jesus, he has promised that he will be
my guard,
Then I shall not be tempted above what I
can bear,

When fighting's done, escorted his king-
dom then to share, &c.

3 Although my flesh is mortal, immortal is
my hope;
I'll try like holy Moses to gain the moun-
tain top,
There at Jehovah's bidding, with cheerfulness
to die—

And then ascend to Heaven to reign above
the sky, &c.

4 From him I have my orders, and while I
do obey,
I find his Holy Spirit illuminates my way,

The way is so delightful I wish to travel on,
Till I am call'd away to receive a starry
crown, &c.

5 I feel that Jesus loves me, but why, I do
not know,
To him I'm so unfaithful in what I have
to do,
I grieve to see my failings, but he does all
forgive,
Which makes me love him more, and by
faith in him I live, &c.

6 Though sinners do despise me, and
laugh at what I say,
I find a little number walks with me in the
way,
Come on, come on, my brethren, they
laugh at Jesus too,
The crown appears before me, and Heav'n
is in my view, &c

7 We soon shall gain fair Canaan, and on
that happy shore,
Beyond the reach of sorrow, we'll shout
for evermore;
There walk the golden pavement, and
blood wash'd garments wear,
And to increase our pleasure, our Jesus
will be there, &c.

8 My song I must conclude, though it is
against my will,

I want to have the power, to sing while I
 can feel—
 I long to see the time, when immortal I
 shall be,
 And shout and shout his praises through
 vast ETERNITY!—
 With Glory in my Soul.

248. P. M.

- 1 WHERE shall true believers go,
 When from the flesh they fly?
 Glorious joys ordained to know,
 They mount above the sky,
 To that bright celestial place;
 There they shall in raptures live
 More than tongue can e'er express,
 Or heart can e'er conceive.
- 2 When they once are enter'd there,
 Their mourning days are o'er,
 Pain, and sin, and want, and care,
 And sighing is no more;
 Subject then to no decay,
 Heavenly bodies they put on,
 Swifter than the lightning's ray,
 And brighter than the sun.
- 3 But their greatest happiness,
 Their highest joy shall be
 God their Saviour to possess,
 To know, and love, and see:

With that beatific sight
 Glorious ecstasy is giv'n,
 This is their supreme delight,
 And makes a heaven of heaven.

- 4 Him beholding face to face,
 To him they glory give,
 Bless his name, and sing his praise,
 As long as God shall live;
 While eternal ages roll,
 Thus employ'd in heaven they are:
 Lord, receive my happy soul
 With all thy servants there!

249. C. M.

- 1 WHEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.
- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 Oh, may this truth, imprest
 With awful pow'r—"I too must die"—
 Sink deep in-ev'ry breast.
- 3 The voice of this alarming scene
 May ev'ry heart obey;
 Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch, and pray.
- 4 Oh, let us fly, to Jesus fly,
 Whose pow'rful arm can save;
 Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
 And triumph o'er the grave.

250. L. M.

- 1 **WHENE'ER** a sinner turns to God,
With contrite heart and flowing eyes,
The happy news makes angels smile,
And tell the joy above the skies.
- 2 Well may the church below rejoice,
And echo back the heavenly sound:
This soul was dead, but now's alive,
This sheep was lost, but now is found.
- 3 Glory to God on high be giv'n,
For his unbounded love to men;
Let saints below, and saints above,
In concert join their loud, Amen.

251. P. M.

- 1 **WE** read of commotions and signs in the
skies,
The sun and the moon shall be cloth'd in
disguise,
And when you shall see all these tokens
appear,
Then hold up your heads your redemp-
tion draws near.
- 2 O then the arch angel the trumpet shall
sound,
And awake all the saints that sleep under
ground, [arise
The sound of the trumpet shall bid you
To meet your redemption with love and
surprise.

- 3 And then our dear Jesus our souls will re-
 ceive,
 From bonds of corruption our bodies re-
 lieve;
 Then we shall be all uncorrupted and
 free,
 And sing of redemption wherever we be.
- 4 Redeemed from sin and redeemed from
 death
 Redeem'd from corruption—redeem'd
 from the earth,
 Redeem'd from perdition redeem'd from
 all wo, [go.
 We'll sing of redemption wherever we
- 5 Redeemed from pain and redeem'd from
 distress,
 The fruits of redemption no tongue can
 express; [love,
 Redemption was purchas'd by Jesus's
 We'll sing of redemption in heav'n above.

252. P. M.

- 1 WE, like the disciples, are toss'd
 By storms on the perilous deep;
 But cannot be possibly lost,
 Whilst Jesus has charge of the ship;
 Tho' billows and winds are enrag'd,
 And threaten to make us their sport.
 This pilot his word has engag'd
 To bring us in safety to port.

- 2 If sometimes we struggle alone,
 And he be withdrawn from our view;
 It makes us more willing to own
 We nothing without him can do:
 Then Satan our hopes would assail,
 But Jesus is still within call;
 And when our poor efforts quite fail,
 He comes in good time, and does all.
- 3 Yet Lord, we are ready to shrink
 Unless we thy presence perceive;
 O save us (we cry) or we sink;
 We would, but we cannot believe:
 The night has been long and severe,
 The winds and the seas are still high:
 Dear Saviour this moment appear,
 And say to our souls, "It is I!"

253. P. M.

- 1 WHAT hast thou not performed,
 Lord to retrieve my loss,
 While I was so deformed
 By sin and earthly dross?
 The sense of lost salvation
 Quite drove me to despair,
 But thine own incarnation
 Brought my redemption near.
- 2 I lay in fetters groaning,
 Thou cam'st to set me free,
 My shame I was bemoaning;
 With grace thou clothedst me.

Thou raisest me to glory;
 Endow'st me with thy bliss,
 Which is not transitory,
 As worldly treasure is.

3 What caus'd thy incarnation?
 What brought thee down to me?
 Thy love to my salvation
 Contriv'd my liberty.
 O love beyond expression!
 (Wherewith thou dost embrace
 Mankind in its transgression)
 From thee, the source of grace.

4 Let this consideration
 Heal up your wounds within,
 Ye sons of desolation,
 That feel the smart of sin.
 Take courage, your salvation
 Stands waiting at the door;
 The gospel consolation,
 Is nearer than before.

5 Be not cast down or fright'ned
 At sin, tho' ne'er so great;
 No: Jesus is delighted
 The greatest to remit.
 He comes, repenting sinners
 With life and love to crown;

And make them happy winners
 Of glory like his own.
 6 He comes to pass his sentence
 On all his enemies;
 But children of repentance
 Shall meet with love and peace;
 Come, Prince of grace and wonder!
 Fetch thy beloved home;
 Reveal thy glories yonder,
 Thy longing spouse says, come!

254. P. M.

1 YOUTH, like the spring, will soon be
 gone,
 By fleeting time, or conq'ring death;
 Yon morning sun may set at noon,
 And leave you ever in the dark:
 Your sparkling eyes and blooming cheeks
 Must wither like the blasted rose,
 The coffin, earth, and winding sheet,
 Will soon your active limbs enclose.
 2 Ye heedless ones that wildly stroll,
 The grave must soon become your bed
 Where silence reigns, and vapours roll,
 In solemn silence round your head:
 Your friends may pass that lonesome
 place,
 And with a sigh move slowly on,
 Still gazing on the spires of grass,
 With which your graves are overgrown

- 3 But O! the soul where vengeance reigns,
 It sinks with groans and ceaseless cries,
 It rolls amidst the burning flames
 In endless wo and agonies:
 There swallow'd up in darkest night,
 Where devils howl, and thunders roar.
 To rage in keen despair and guilt, [o'er.
 When thousand thousand years are
- 4 O! fellow youth, this is the state
 Of all who do free grace refuse,
 And soon with you 'twill be too late,
 The way of life in Christ to choose:
 Come, lay your carnal weapons by,
 No longer fight against your God;
 But with the gospel terms comply,
 And heaven shall be your great re-
 ward.

255. S. M.

- 1 YE happy pilgrims come!
 Your drooping spirits raise;
 Our Jesus will soon take us home,
 To sing his endless praise.
 Hallelujah, hal. hal.
- 2 O happy, happy day,
 When we shall meet above:
 To pass eternity away,
 In singing Jesus's love.
- 3 That love on earth we feel,
 Shed in our hearts abroad,

It saves us from a present hell,
And makes us meet for God.

4 Love makes a heaven below,
The same with that on high:
And this we prove while on we go,
To meet above the sky.

5 Our raptur'd souls shall fly,
Upborne on angels' wings,
To live enthron'd above the sky,
And live as priests and kings.

6 Our lasting home is there,
Where Jesus shews his face;
And spreads his glories every where,
Throughout the boundless space.

7 The prize—behold how bright,
It glitters through the sky!
Haste pilgrims, haste, and run, and fight,
And seize the crown so nigh.
Hallelujah, hal. hal.
We are on our journey home.

256. P. M.

1 YE soldiers of Jesus pray stand to your
arms,

Prepare for the battle, the gospel alarm
The trumpets are sounding, come soldiers
and see,

The standard and colors of sweet liberty

2 Tho' Satan's black trumpet is sounding
so near,

Take courage brave soldiers, his armies we
dare:

In the strength of King Jesus we dare him
to fight,

We'll put his black armies of aliens to
flight.

In the mount of Salvation, in Christs' ar-
mory,

There's swords, shields, and breast-plates,
and helmets for thee;

Do be not faint-hearted tho' he roars like a
flood,

He'll not stand before the bright armies of
God.

To battle, to battle, the trumpets doth
sound

The watchmen are crying fair Zion around:
The signal for vict'ry! hark! hark! from

the sky;

Shout, shout ye strong armies, the watch-
men all cry.

As the great Goliah, Apollyon shall fall;

With the sword of the Spirit we'll conquer
them all;

We'll leave no opposers alive in the field,

By the strength of Jehovah we'll force
them to yield.

Thro' Jesus, our wisdom, we'll baffle his
rage, [engage;

My heart beats for conquest, come soldiers

The trumpets are sounding—the armies
 appear,
 We'll not leave one standing from front to
 the rear.

7 King Jesus is riding the white horse be-
 fore,

The watchmen close after, the trumpet doth
 roar,

Some shouting, some singing, salvation they
 cry

In the strength of King Jesus all hell we
 defy.

8 Fair Zion is shouting to her conqu'ring
 King,

Salvation to Jesus, the armies doth sing;

Apollyon we've conquer'd and sunk in the
 flood: [God?

Who can withstand the bright armies of

9 Behold all the armies are now marching
 home,

God's trumpet is sounding, and bids them
 to come,

All Zion's fair armies together doth meet,

And lay down their armour at Jesus' feet.

10 The angelic army with Zion combines;

In robes of bright glory eternally shines;

All shouting and singing on Canaan's bright
 shore,

Where wars and commotions can reach
 them no more.

- 11 Cheer up, ye dear pilgrims, the time's
drawing nigh,
When we shall meet Jesus' bright hosts in
the sky:
Our friends and relations in Jesus so dear,
Both preachers and people shall then meet
us there.
- 12 We'll join the bright harpers in anthems
divine,
Whose crowns with bright diamonds the
sun doth outshine,
To the praise of King Jesus we'll tune our
harps then,
Salvation and glory to Jesus, Amen.

257. C. M.

- 1 YE saints, assist me in my song—
Let all your passions move;
To Jesus all the notes belong—
I sing redeeming love.
- 2 Opposing spirits 'gainst his cross,
Their force united prove;
But quit the field with mighty loss,
Crush'd by redeeming love.
- 3 Around the circle of his friends
His tender passions move;
And while he liv'd his constant theme
Was still redeeming love.
- 4 Gently he rais'd his sacred hands,
Before his last remove:

And the last whispers of his tongue,
Sigh'd forth redeeming love.

5 Thro' life's wide waste, with weary feet,
In darkness I may rove;
But never can my heart forget
Redeeming, dying love.

6 Oh, that before his sacred throne,
I all its sweets may prove;
Still as my pleasures rise, my song
Shall be redeeming love.

258. P. M.

1 YE children of Zion, who're aiming for
glory,
Enlisted with Jesus to fight against hell,
New Canaan's bright borders are now
just before you,
Though Jordan's proud billows its banks
overswell.

Ten thousand have cross'd it, and are now
in glory,

All shouting and telling the triumphant
story,

And Jesus, our Saviour, will bring us all
over,

In the land of sweet Canaan for ever to
dwell.

2 This makes my heart joyful, it fills me
with pleasure, [o'er;

That suff'ring and toiling will one day be

At the feet of my Saviour I'll there count
my treasure;

Where sin, pain, and sorrow can reach me
no more.

Be bold and courageous, and fear not the
devil,

Though he should speak of you all manner
of evil,

For though Satan rages, yet Jesus engages,
To bring us all shouting to Canaan's
bright shore.

3 Like ships on the ocean we're toss'd by
commotion,

But Christ is the pilot, and he's a sure
guide:

If sick and afflicted, kind love has a lotion
Which flows in abundance from Jesus's
side.

Though Satan's wild whirlwinds like de-
luges roaring,

And floods of temptation as hail are down
pouring,

Though devils should haunt you, yet let
them not daunt you,

For Jesus rules over the wind and the tide.

4 His love so constrains me, this earth can't
contain me,

My soul is so joyful, I'm fill'd with new wine,
'Tis grace that supports me, and glory
awaits me,

While beams from sweet heaven all
 round me doth shine:
 Bright angels attend me where'er I am
 going,
 Sweet Jesus directs me, whatever I'm
 doing;
 A subject of wonder, on which angels
 ponder,
 That beggars are raised to a life so di-
 vine.

259. P. M.

- 1 YE sons of war I pray draw near,
 And list as generous volunteers,
 Become our royal brothers here,
 I mean as valiant soldiers,
 You'll enter into present pay,
 And feasting live from day to day,
 Then turn about and march away,
 And Jesus will support you.
- 2 Ye careless sons of Adam's race,
 Who long have trod in folly's ways,
 O turn about to Zion's face,
 And meet Appollyon's forces;
 Gird on your sword and glittering shield,
 And with your helmet take the field,
 And fight your way and never yield,
 And Jesus will support you.
- 3 The bounty you shall have in hand,
 If you will list in Jesu's band,

Your captain in the front will stand
 And beat your foes before you;
 Come throw your rebel weapons down,
 And seek for honour and renown,
 And you shall wear a starry crown,
 For Jesus will support you.

4 Desert the cause of heaven's foe,
 Before you plunge in endless wo,
 Now courage take to Jesus go,
 And he will now receive you;
 From sin and Satan you'll get free,
 And happy seasons you shall see,
 And gain the Christian's liberty,
 For Jesus will support you.

5 And when the war is at an end,
 Our Captain still will be our friend,
 We'll wing our way and up ascend
 To reign with him in glory.
 Then all our tears be wip'd away,
 Our night be turn'd to endless day,
 And on our golden harps we'll play,
 The joyful song of heaven.

260. P. M.

1 YE jewels of my master,
 Who shine with heavenly rays,
 Amidst the beams of glory
 Reflect immortal blaze.
 Ye diamonds of beauty,
 With pleasing lustre crown'd,

- Of heavenly extraction,
 To Zion's city bound.
- 2 Ye lambs of my Redeemer,
 The purchase of his blood,
 Who feed among the lilies,
 Beside the purple flood;
 Go on, ye happy pilgrims,
 Your journey still pursue,
 And at an humble distance
 I'll sing and follow too.
- 3 Speak often to each other,
 To cheer the fainting mind,
 And often be your voices
 In pure devotion join'd;
 Though trials may await you,
 The crown before you lies;
 Take courage, brother pilgrims,
 And soon you'll win the prize.
- 4 Ye shall be mine, says Jesus,
 In that auspicious day,
 When I make up my jewels,
 Releas'd from cumb'rous clay.
 He'll polish and refine you
 From worthless dross and tin,
 And to his heavenly kingdom
 Will bid you enter in.
- 5 On that important morning,
 When bursting thunders sound,
 And nimble light'nings waving,
 Shall wing the gloom profound,

- Lift up your heads rejoicing,
 And clap your joyful hands,
 Lo! you're redeem'd for ever
 From death's corrupted bands.
- 6 We'll range the wide dominion
 Of our Redeemer round,
 And in dissolving raptures
 Be lost in love profound:
 While all the flaming harpers
 Begin the lasting song,
 With hallelujahs rolling
 From the unnumber'd throng.

261. C. M.

- 1 YE weary, heavy laden souls,
 Who are oppressed sore,
 Ye trav'lers through the wilderness,
 To Canaan's peaceful shore:
 Through chilling winds, and beating rain.
 The waters deep and cold,
 And enemies surrounding you,
 Take courage and be bold.
- 2 Sometimes like mountains to the sky,
 Black Jordan's billows roar,
 Which often make the pilgrims fear,
 They never will get o'er:
 But let us gain mount Pisgah's top,
 And view the vernal plain,
 To fright our souls may Jordan roar,
 And hell may rage in vain.

- 3 O, what a glorious sight appears,
 To my believing eyes;
 Methinks I see Jerusalem,
 A city in the skies:
 Bright angels whisp'ring me away,
 "O come, my brother, come,"
 And I am willing to be gone
 To my eternal home.
- 4 Farewell, my brethren in the Lord,
 Who are to Canaan bound:
 And should we never meet again
 Till the jubilee trump shall sound,
 I hope that I shall meet you there,
 On that delightful shore;
 In oceans of eternal bliss,
 Where parting is no more.

262. P. M.

- 1 YES, O Christ, from every creature,
 Praise shall to thy name be giv'n;
 Worthy thou of more and greater,
 King of saints, and King of heav'n!
 Kindling transports
 Swell our hearts and tune our tongues.
- 2 Tho' our Lord is taken from us,
 Present but in spirit now,
 This his faithful word of promise
 Made, while sojourning below;
 "Where I enter,
 "Thither shall my servants come.

- 3 Him we praise for his ascension,
 Conqueror of sin and death;
 Gone up to prepare a mansion
 For his ransom'd flock beneath;
 They shall quickly
 Reign with him in glory there.
- 4 There already is our treasure,
 There our heart, our hope, our crown;
 Thence on sublunary pleasure,
 We, with holy scorn, look down,
 Earth hath nothing
 Worth a moment's transient thought.
- 5 We shall soon in bliss adore thee,
 Gain the realms of endless day;
 Soon be gather'd home to glory,
 All our tears be wip'd away;
 There, for ever,
 Sing the Lamb's new song of love.

263. P. M.

- 1 YE angels, who stand round the throne,
 And view my Immanuel's face,
 In rapturous songs make him known;
 Tune, tune your soft harps to his praise:
 He form'd you the spirits you are,
 So happy, so noble, so good;
 When others sunk down in despair,
 Confirm'd by his power, ye stood.
- 2 Ye saints, who stand nearer than they,
 And cast your bright crowns at his feet,

- His grace and his glory display,
 And all his rich mercy repeat.
 He snatch'd you from hell and the grave—
 He ransom'd from death and despair:
 For you he was mighty to save,
 Almighty to bring you safe there.
- 3 Oh, when will the period appear,
 When I shall unite in your song?
 I'm weary of lingering here,
 And I to your Saviour belong!
 I'm fetter'd and chain'd up in clay;
 I struggle and pant to be free;
 I long to be soaring away,
 My God and my Saviour to see!
- 4 I want to put on my attire,
 Wash'd white in the blood of the Lamb;
 I want to be one of your choir,
 And tune my sweet harp to his name;
 I want—Oh, I want to be there,
 Where sorrow and sin bid adieu—
 Your joy and your friendship to share—
 To wonder, and worship with you!

264. L. M.

- 1 YE saints of Jesus courage take,
 Having enlisted, ne'er look back,
 We're sure to find the Lord at hand,
 While marching to the promis'd land.
This is the way to heaven, hallelujah, &c.

- 2 We're trav'ling through the wilderness,
And bound for everlasting bliss;
By faith in God we firm can stand,
And march away to the promis'd land.
- 3 While on our journey here below,
We look beyond this vale of wo,
And pray and wait till Christ shall send,
To take us to the promis'd land.
- 4 Tho' storms may rise, and thunders roll,
Convulse the globe from pole to pole,
Undaunted still our souls shall stand,
For soon we'll reach the promis'd land.
- 5 Our fellow pilgrims there shall meet,
And brethren shall each other greet,
Admiring angels round us stand,
And welcome home to the promis'd land.
- 6 All tears shall then be wip'd away
For there's no sorrow night nor day,
But all unite to adore the hand,
That brought us safe to the promis'd land.



ADDITIONAL HYMNS.

265. C. M.

- 1 AS Jacob did in days of old,
So will my soul do now;
Wrestle, and on my Jesus hold,
Nor will I let him go.

- 2 I come encourag'd by thy word,
That mercy thou wilt show;
Except thou bless me blessed Lord,
I will not let thee go.
- 3 I come to ask forgiveness free,
Tho' I have been thy foe;
Except thou grant it, Lord to me,
I will not let thee go.
- 4 I come to open all my wounds,
My sorrows and my wo;
Except thy healing grace abounds,
I will not let thee go.
- 5 I come to tell thee all my fears,
And conflicts here below;
Except thy mercy, Lord, appears,
I will not let thee go.
- 6 I to come ask for all thy love,
And all thou canst bestow:
Except these blessings, Lord I prove,
I will not let thee go.

266. C. M.

- 1 At Jacob's well a stranger sought,
His drooping frame to cheer:
Samaria's daughter little thought
That Jacob's God was there.
- 2 This had she known, her fainting mind,
For richer draughts had sigh'd!
Nor had Messiah, ever kind,
Those richer draughts deni'd.

- 3 This ancient well, no glass so true,
 Our nature's image shows;
 Here Christ presents himself to view,
 But who the stranger knows?
- 4 Yet sinners must the Saviour know,¹
 Or soon their loss deplore;
 Come see the living waters flow,
 Come, drink, and thirst no more.

267. C. M.

- 1 DO any ask the reason why
 We here together meet?
 To such inquiries we reply,
 To bow at Jesus feet.
- 2 Do you of us again demand,
 Why we together come?
 We're travelling to a distant land,
 For this is not our home.
- 3 Do you again demand of us,
 Our native town and place?
 It's call'd Spiritual Wickedness,—
 Whence we are snatch'd by grace.
- 4 If still the natives blind remain,²
 And don't the reason know—
 From Egypt, we reply again,
 And unto Canaan go.
- 5 Ask then no more, unless you mean,
 Travelling with us to go,
 And own and feel yourselves unclean,
 Resolv'd our Christ to know.

- 6 If so, we gladly you receive,
 Into our company!
 Come sinners, come, repent, believe,
 And Abba, Father, cry.
- 7 But if you will not with us go,
 Don't ev'ly us intreat;
 Your land we're only trav'ling thro',
 Our Saviour God, to meet.

268. C. M.

- 1 GREAT source from whom all blessings
 To thee for help I flee;]flow
 In all my complicated wo,
 O Lord, remember me.
- 2 When with a broken, contrite heart,
 I lift mine eyes to thee,
 Thy name proclaim—thyself impart,
 In love remember me.
- 3 If I, for thy dear sacred name,
 Reproach'd and slander'd be;
 I'll glory in reproach and shame,
 If thou remember me.
- 4 And when I tread the vale of death,
 And bow at thy decree,
 Saviour, with my last fault'ring breath
 I'll cry—Remember me.

269. P. M.

Original, by T. J. Messiere. of England.

- 1 JESUS give me when I die,
 Much of thy consoling power,

- Let me up to glory fly,
 Welcome the appointed hour,
 Which shall all my sorrows chase,
 Give in heaven my soul a place.
- 2 Help me Lord to lose my hold
 Of the things which keep me here;
 Make my contrite spirit bold
 Chase away distressing fear!
 So shall I with transport rise,
 Taste the bliss of Paradise.
- 3 When my Spirit is releas'd,
 Let me find my home in thee,
 Where my joy shall be increas'd,
 Where I shall my *Jesus* see—
 Lost in ecstasy and love,
 Sing his matchless grace above.
- 4 Why should earth my spirit bind,
 When such prospects are reveal'd?
 Let me rest in *Jesus* find,
 Let me be by *Jesus* seal'd,
 Find at last thro' *Jesus*' blood,
 All my happiness in God.

270. 8, 7, 4.

- 1 LISTEN to the awful story,
 See the great white throne appear!
 View the Saviour in his glory,
 On a cloud advancing near?
 Give attention!
 Now the great Archangel near!

- 2 See the flaming hosts descending,
 Banners waving thro' the skies!
 All Jehovah's will attending
 Heaven and earth before him flies?
 While the trumpet
 Calls aloud, Ye dead, arise.
- 3 Now behold, the rocks are rending!
 All the graves are open'd wide;
 Kings and conquerors lamenting,
 How they liv'd in pomp and pride:
 Rocks and mountains
 All refuse their guilt to hide.

271. C. M.

- 1 MY cheerful soul now all the day
 Sits waiting here, and sings;
 Looks through the ruins of her clay,
 And practices her wings.
- 2 Faith almost changes into sight,
 While from afar she spies
 Her fair inheritance in sight
 Above the starry skies.
- 3 Had but the prison walls been strong
 And firm without a flaw,
 In darkness she had dwelt too long,
 And less of glory saw.
- 4 But now the everlasting hills
 Through every chink appears
 And something of the joy she feels
 While she's a prisoner here.

- 5 The rays of heav'n rush sweetly in
 At all the gaping flaws:
 Visions of endless bliss are seen,
 And native air she draws.

272. C. M.

- 1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
 And on thy care depend;
 To thee in every trouble flee,
 My best, my only Friend.
- 2 When all created streams are dri'd,
 Thy fulness is the same;
 May I with this be satisfi'd,
 And glory in thy name.
- 3 O that I had a stronger faith,
 To look within the veil,
 To credit what my Saviour saith,
 Whose word can never fail !

273. 8, 7.

- 1 ROUSE, my soul, from deadly slumber,
 That I may my Saviour please:
 Teach me wisdom, Lord, to number
 All the remnant of my days.
- 2 Few they are, and swiftly flying,
 I am posting to the grave;
 Gracious God, behold me dying,
 And from death eternal save.
- 3 Then to everlasting glory
 Let my soul triumphant rise,

Where the angels all adore thee,
In the palace of the skies.

- 4 Let me join the heav'nly choir,
Who in harmony unite;
Glowing with seraphic fire
Round the throne of endless night.

274.

1 THE Lord descended from above,
Our loss of Eden to retrieve:
Great God of universal love,
If all the world in thee may live,
In me a quick'ning spirit be,
And witness thou has di'd for me.

2 Thou loving, all-atoning Lamb,
By all thy pain and agony,
Thy bloody sweat, thy grief and shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy meritorious death, I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

3 I'll be like Mary at thy feet,
And humbly bathe them with my tears;
The hist'ry of thy love repeat
In ev'ry drooping sinner's ears:
That all may hear the joyful sound,
That I, ev'n I, have mercy found.

275. P. M.

Original, by the Wesley Protestant Methodist, of
Leeds, of England, 1829-

1 WHEN by sin overwhelm'd, shame covers our face,

We look unto Jesus, who saves us by grace
We call on his name, from the gulf of despair,

And he plucks us from hell, in answer to prayer:

Prayer, sweet prayer,

Be it ever so feeble, there's nothing like prayer.

2 When trials afflict us, and sorrows o'erflow,

When patience is weary, or sunk into woe,
If to him we look, on him cast our care,
We find certain relief, in answer to prayer:

Prayer, sweet prayer,

In all our distresses, there's nothing like prayer.

3 When God we approach, through the Son of his love,

Both his mercy and truth, we know we shall prove:

For our comfort and peace, his arm is made bare,

And his grace we receive, in answer to prayer:

Prayer, sweet prayer,
Be it ever so humble, there's nothing like
prayer!

4 Holy Spirit of truth,—'tis thine to in-
spire,
The faith that enkindles the spark of de-
sire!

Which cleanses the heart, and perfumes all
the air,
With the odour of incense, ascending from
prayer:

Prayer, sweet prayer,
In all acts of devotion, there's nothing like
prayer!

5 When sickness assails, and to death we
draw near,
We'll face the grim monster, divested of
fear,

In Jesus's love, we shall have a full share,
While the flame is kept bright in answer
to prayer;

Prayer, sweet prayer,
Both in life and in death there's nothing
like prayer!

276. C. M.

1 ZION, the city of our God,
How glorious is the place;
The Saviour there has his abode,
And Christians see his face.

- 2 Firm against ev'ry adverse shock
Its mighty bulwarks prove;
'Tis built upon the living rock,
And wall'd around with love.
- 3 There all the fruits of glory grow,
And joys that never die;
And streams of grace and knowledge
The soul to satisfy. [flow,
- 4 Come set your faces Zion-ward,
The sacred road inquire;
And let a union to the Lord
Be henceforth your desire.
- 5 The gospel shines to give you light,
No longer then delay;
The Spirit waits to guide you right,
And Jesus is the way.
- 6 O Lord, regard thy people's prayer,
Thy promise now fulfil;
And young and old by grace prepare
To dwell on Zion's hill.

USUAL CHORUSSES.

And you'll sing hallelujah,
And I'll sing hallelujah,
And we'll all sing hallelujah,
When we arrive at home.

And I'll sing hallelujah,
And glory be to God on high,
And I'll sing hallelujah,
Here's glory beaming thro' the sky.
Boundless mercy, all who comes
He will receive.

But Jesus, Jesus, is my friend, O hallelujah,
Hallelujah, Jesus, Jesus, is my friend.

Come, let us join our hearts and hands,
All in one band completely,
We're marching through Immanuel's land,
Where the waters flow so sweetly.

Don't you hear the archangels singing,
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,

Earth hath nothing,
Worth a moment's thought
Trumpets call thee,
Come to hear thy sorrowful doom.

Farewell, farewell, farewell,
My loving friends, farewell.

Fight on, fight on,
The crown will soon be given.

Glory be to the new-born King.

Praise him, praise him,

Glory hallelujah.

Glory, honour and salvation,

Christ the Lord is come to reign.

Hallelujah, we are on our way above.

Hallelujah to the Lamb

Who hath purchas'd our pardon,

We'll praise him again,

When we pass over Jordan.

He who bought our souls with blood,

Soon will bring us home to God.

Ho, every one that thirsts,

Come ye to the waters,

Freely drink and quench your thirst,

Zion's sons and daughters.

I am happy here, and I shall be there,

I'm happy on my journey home.

I'm bound for the kingdom,

Will you go to glory with me?

Hallelujah, hallelujah.

I own I'm base, I own I'm vile,

But mercy's all my plea,

Remember Lord, thy dying groans,

And then remember me.

Lord receive us, Lord receive us,

All our help must come from thee.

Join us Christians! Join us Christians,
Join to praise our new-born King.

O glory, glory, hallelujah,
Glory be to God that rules on high.

O be entreated now to stop,
For unless you warning take,
Ere you are aware, you'll drop
Into the burning lake.

O help me to praise my loving Saviour;
Now for what he has done for me,
Glory, honour and salvation,
Christ the Lord is come to reign.

O Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
We are on our journey home.

O, sweet Heaven, how I long to be com-
plete.

O, sister, are you happy?
I'm happy in the Lord.

Oh, how precious is the sound
Of Jesus' Name.

O, who's like Jesus, hallelujah,
Praise ye the Lord,
There's none like Jesus,
Love and serve the Lord.

O, the grace to sinners given!
Peace on earth, and crowns in heaven.

O the Lamb, the loving Lamb, the Lamb
of Calvary,

The Lamb that was slain and liveth again;
To intercede for me.

O, give him glory, O give him glory,
O, give him glory, for glory is his own,
I will give him glory, I will give him glory,
I will give him glory, for glory is his own.

Palms of Victory,
Crowns of glory Christ bestows.

Sing glory, glory, glory hallelujah,
We'll shout when we meet him in the air,
Hallelujah, hallelujah,
Hark! the herald angels sing.

Sing glory, honour to the Lord,
Salvation to our King,
All who are washed in Jesus' blood,
His glorious praises sing.

There's glory, glory, in my soul,
It came from Heaven above,
Which makes me praise my Lord so loud,
And all his children love.

We his soldiers sure shall be,
Happy in eternity;
Yes, in Heaven we soon shall be,
Praising God eternally.

FINIS.

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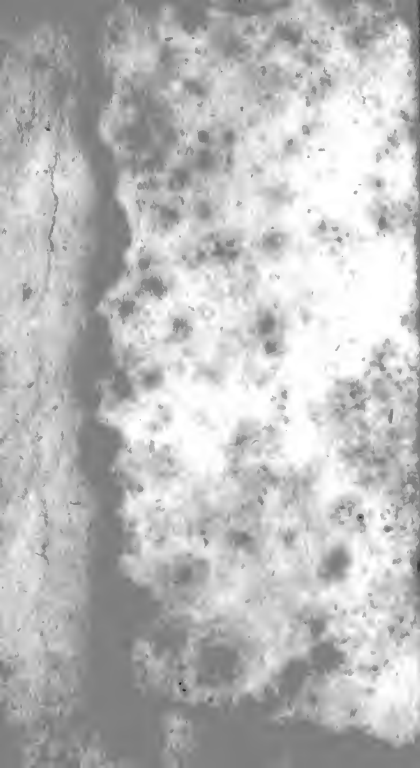
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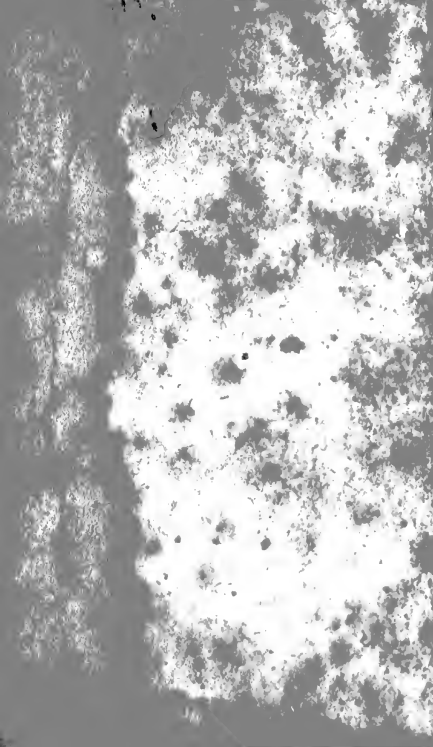
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A bl. of Harrod, per-
haps this, was used by
Meth Post before then
by the 2/ 1834

Harrod became their
bl agent in that year
J. 490 refers to Public
house & cottage by
Hall: 1823

